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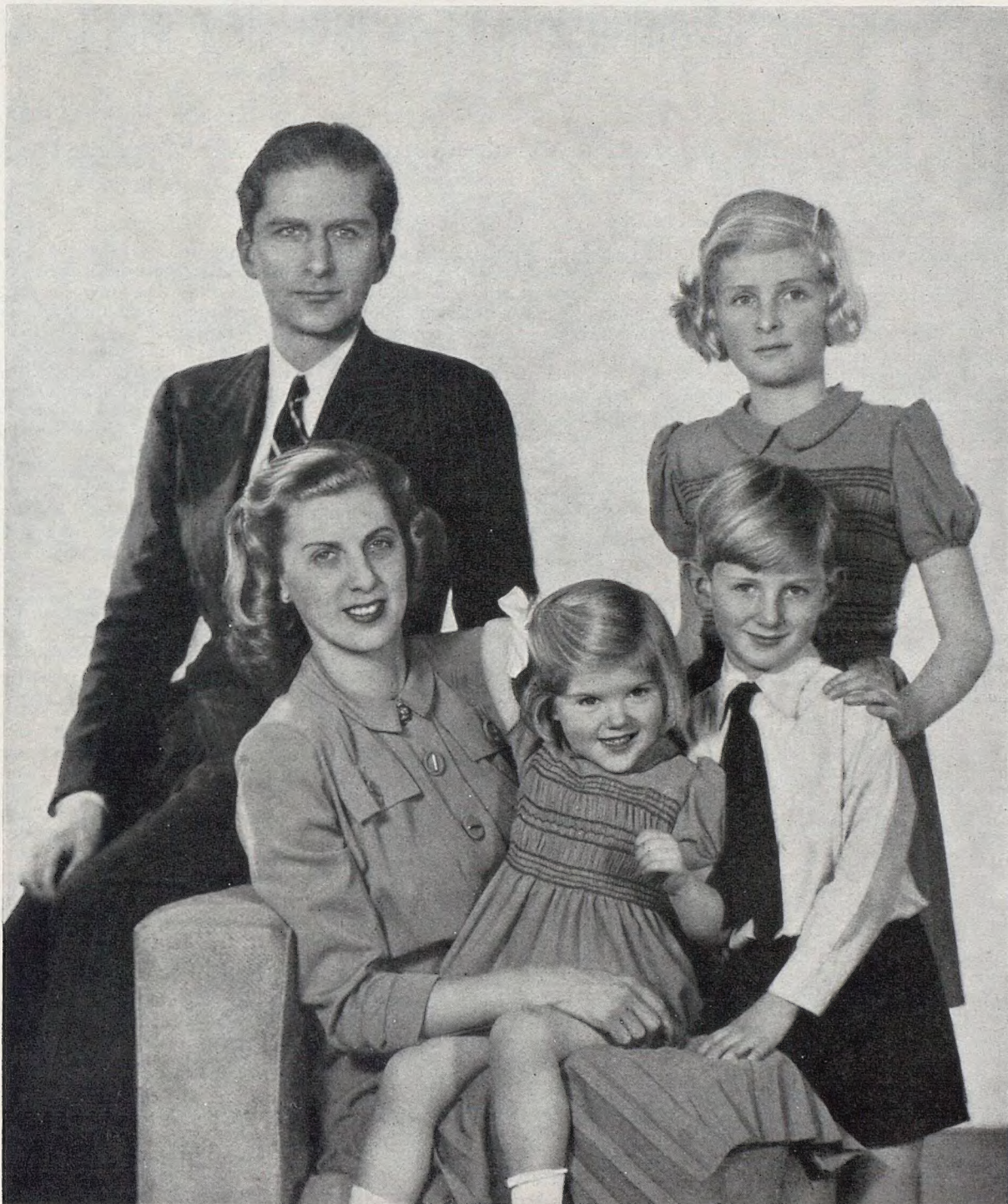
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THE
TATLER
and BYSTANDER

LONDON
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Dorothy Wilding

THE HON. AND MRS. CHARLES CAVENDISH with their three children, Joanna, Georgina and Nicholas. Mr. Cavendish is the son and heir of Lord Chesham and his wife is the daughter of the late Mr. David Gregory Marshall, M.B.E. They were married in 1937 and live at White End, Chesham, Buckinghamshire. Joanna, their elder daughter was born in 1938, Nicholas is three years younger and Georgina is four



Some Portraits in Print

Being the lucubrations of your most obedient scribe, Mr. Gordon Beckles

A LETTER of introduction borne by a visitor from the United States of America finds one reasonably prepared—or so one thinks.

The Tower of London, apologies for our coffee, the Changing of the Guard, apologies for our shabbiness, suggestion that Scotch and orangeade is a poor mixture, the bomb damage around St. Paul's, apologies for lack of a crust of bread at meals when the bakers are bursting with bread, suggestion of a visit to Stratford-on-Avon (a pilgrimage I have never been able to appreciate) and a few such conventional items form the basis of one's advice.

One can go wrong, as said the man who took a charming American woman to lunch at the old Voisin's in Paris and heard her ask for an American breakfast food, a cup of coffee and a glass of ice-water.

It is wiser, for instance, to ascertain a visitor's political complexion before inviting admiration of the Roosevelt statue in Grosvenor Square; if he turns out to be Wall Street Republican, however, you can always point out that the statue is framed against a background of the bombed site of Mr. Pierpont Morgan's mansion.

Another way one can err is to assume that all U.S. visitors are our transatlantic cousins, and to forget that someone called Herbert Brown, Jr., may be born of a match between a Miss Szyklykvik and a Mr. Hermann Braun.

Much enlightenment on this latter subject comes in the latest volume of *The American Language*, the masterpiece of that sentimental old grouch Mr. H. L. Mencken. The Prescotts in the United States may well be Praestegaards, while many a Cabot—a name suggestive of New England aristocracy—is really a Kabotchnik. The surname of "Buffalo Bill" was known to be Cody—except to those who knew it was Köthe.

One wonders: are there many instances of people with Anglo-Saxon names changing them for those of Middle European origin?

The trouble is that a visitor called Kabotchnik may not appreciate English history in what we would call the proper light. Anyone who has examined the textbooks used in American schools up to a few years ago may well wonder why any American should ever be friendly with so dastardly a race as our own, let alone wish to visit us.

On the whole, however, it is fun welcoming American visitors and refreshing to hear their uninhibited comments, and perhaps explaining to them that our "tired" look may be little more than our natural English reserve.

People long accustomed to the ebullience of their own America are apt to be misled.

But what of our other visitors?

What are the Uruguayans, Portuguese, Chileans, Mexicans, Swedes, Colombians, Dutch and Spaniards expecting of Britain as a place to visit on a holiday?

I know what the French want, having been host recently to some Parisians: good and well-cooked food—and they are not going to get it!

And I have had a glimpse of what Spanish-speaking people may be seeing, and a most refreshing glimpse it has been, almost as good as a holiday abroad. A set of folders published by the Travel Association has come my way, and I have been examining the attractions of "Las Tierras Altas de Escocia," among which must be noted "El desfiladero de Glencoe" (looking uncannily like the north of Spain, where they also have bag-pipes) and charming scenes such as "la plaza del pueblo en Kenmore."

I would not recommend, however, a pleasure visit to Dundee, although for Spanish visitors it may have a certain attraction as it is "famosa . . . por sus mermeladas."

OTHER booklets in this series of twelve deal with "Los Lagos Ingleses y sus Alrededores Interesantes," "Irlanda del Norte" and "Las Tierras Bajas de Escocia"—featuring "George Square, Glasgow" on the cover.

There is a nice exotic ring about "La Zona Centro-Oriental de Inglaterra," but a trifle disillusioning to find that Grimsby is in this Oriental district.

Still, if you like sights and scenery it is all admirable; but how many people really like sights and scenery? It took me years of residence in England to appreciate the distinctive beauty—the soft outlines and delicate embroideries—of the English country scene, for as a young man my taste had been spoiled by some of the world's more opulent spectacles.

They may laugh at the hotel-tourists, the people who cling to the porters' apron strings, but what is a cathedral or

a ruined abbey when you have to sleep in a bed with a light at the foot of it and the switch still farther away, be served by a maid who refuses a bath towel and proffers something the size of a pocket handkerchief (as happened to me the other day in one of Brighton's most famous hotels) or when you must endure food so violently different to your own that some notable sight must be seen through a haze of bismuth and bicarbonate?

Our fault has been that we are apt to lump all holiday-makers—native and foreign—into one class. Can a visitor from France really be interested in the pier at Morecambe, the Town Hall in Belfast (apparently the only picture ever shown of Belfast) or the Marine Parade at Worthing?

STILL, foreign visitors can this summer be as sure as ever that England has not changed in its determination neither to understand nor speak any language other than its own, thus forcing the world to English.

(Whether or not the world has benefited from our attitude is—as every day's news suggests—a problem for history to solve. There are times when the Tower of Babel seems an almost desirable residence.)

Mr. Churchill is in nothing more English than in his use of the French language—a practice which, paradoxically, has greatly endeared him to the French.

What versatility he displays in nearly every other direction! There is an echo of an age

richer in versatility than our own in his charming little picture of the "Blenheim Tapestries" in this summer's Royal Academy.

Sir John Vanbrugh, who built Blenheim Palace at Woodstock, lived in an age when a man could have two or three professions. If Vanbrugh was

attacked for the immorality of one of his plays—and you can judge for yourself by the present delicious revival of *The Relapse* at the Phoenix—he would retire for a time and knock-up a country palace or two. Which reminds one of a favourite clerihew:

Sir Christopher Wren
Was dining with some men.
He said: "If anyone calls
Tell them I'm designing St. Paul's."

He must have been a man of Churchillian exuberance, although he does not seem to have



got on particularly well with the Churchill for whom he built Blenheim. John Vanbrugh was a soldier, a playwright, an envoy extraordinary, a theatre manager and several kinds of a Civil Servant.

He was also arrested and thrown into the Bastille for espionage—and there has been a faint echo of that, for during the recent war Blenheim Palace housed one of the sections of military counter-espionage in its draughty chambers.

There must be something potent in the symbols "M.I.5," as with "G-man" in the United States, for it has caught public imagination. M.I.5 is but one of an assortment of departments concerned with military intelligence, and is not the "secret service."

Sir John Vanbrugh in his plays takes the usual knock at the servile cleric, and indeed his age was not one when the Christian spirit flourished at its gentlest in England, for all the chapels that had to be built into every country mansion.

If anyone wants proof of this harsh and cynical attitude towards and by the clergy they might reflect on the lines written as his epitaph:

"Lie heavy on him, earth, for he
Laid many a heavy load on thee."

Not a kindly, Christian sentiment—coming from a clergyman.

THEY are frightening in many ways, the stately homes of England, now passing each year into the hands of the Coal Board and other members of the new aristocracy.

I have been a guest on occasion in what is one of the finest existing specimens of Palladian architecture. It was hard to find a room in which one did not talk in the subdued tones used in picture galleries or in the anterooms of the very great. And to reach one's bedroom one felt one should pay the usual sixpence charged for admission to the "whispering gallery" of St. Paul's.

All bedrooms led off this gallery under the dome.

The most fortunate people were the domestic staff, who lived in rooms in one of the wings reasonable for human beings.

What did the inhabitants of those gargantuan country homes do with themselves all the time? One answer, of course, is provided by Vanbrugh and the Restoration dramatists.

A hearty man sitting near me at *The Relapse* said with some embarrassment to his lady, as the curtain came down on the second act: "Of course, they didn't have golf in those days, what? Ha!"

ONE of the nicest true actor stories for many a month is now being told of one of our most popular comedians.

Playing to a matinée audience, he grew conscious—as, indeed, did all the cast—that one unit of youthful mirth was leading all the laughter. They all began to play to this young man.

"If he's alone, send him round and I'll thank him," the actor told the house manager.

At the end of the performance a fifteen-year-old was led in to the dressing-room.

"I must congratulate you, really I must," said the actor fixing the boy with the look of amiable imbecility which has won him fame and fortune. "It's people, it's fellows, it's chaps like you that make acting worth while . . . I mean to say . . . thank you, thank you, we enjoyed your performance . . . and if you give your name and address to the manager, I'll send you a photograph, eh?"

"Thanks awfully, sir," said the boy. "What of?"

Words Without Songs

Chanson: THE LOVER TO HIS MISTRESS

Ah be my love! For none, I think,
Can beat my efforts at the sink.
Ah be my love! For who can dry
So expeditiously as I,
Or put the things back on the shelf
Less damagingly than myself?
Ah be my love!

Ah be my love! For I can cook
(Given an elementary book).
Ah be my love! I know not who
Will stand so long in any queue,
Wangle a larger weekend joint,
Or spend a more productive point.
Ah be my love!

Ah be my love! (as I have said).
For who can make a quicker bed?
Ah be my love! And I will prove
A wizard with the kitchen stove:
I'll soothe the infants when they squall,
I'll answer when the tradesmen call,
I'll do the dining-room and hall,
In fact, not go to work at all
When you're my love!

—Justin Richardson



TRAINING AT ALDERSHOT for the equestrian events in the Olympic Games, Mr. Brian Butler, a member of the British team, takes a jump on Tankard. Other riders in the team include Lt.-Col. A. B. J. Scott, Col. H. M. Llewellyn, Major A. Carr and Col. H. V. Nicoll, while training is in the hands of Col. J. Hume Dudgeon. The mounted Olympics consist of a Dressage Test and Olympic Three-Day Event at Aldershot, August 9-12, and the Prix des Nations Jumping Competition at Wembley Stadium on August 14. No fewer than nineteen countries are expected to compete

FIRST NIGHTERS



A birthday party was given on the stage after the show at the Adelphi Theatre to celebrate the first anniversary of this outstandingly successful operetta. C. B. Cochran, who presents the show, is seen being offered a prodigious slice of birthday cake

"BLESS THE BRIDE" ANNIVERSARY



Mr. J. Gatti, Col. the Hon. J. J. Astor and Mrs. Gatti were among the guests



The stars of the show, Lizbeth Webb and Georges Guétary, the French tenor



Lord (Tony) Vivian, C. B. Cochran's partner, with his sister, Viscountess Bath



Sir Alan Herbert, M.P., and Vivian Ellis, author and composer of "Bless the Bride"



Joyce Howard and her husband, Basil Sydney, at the first night of "Frenzy"



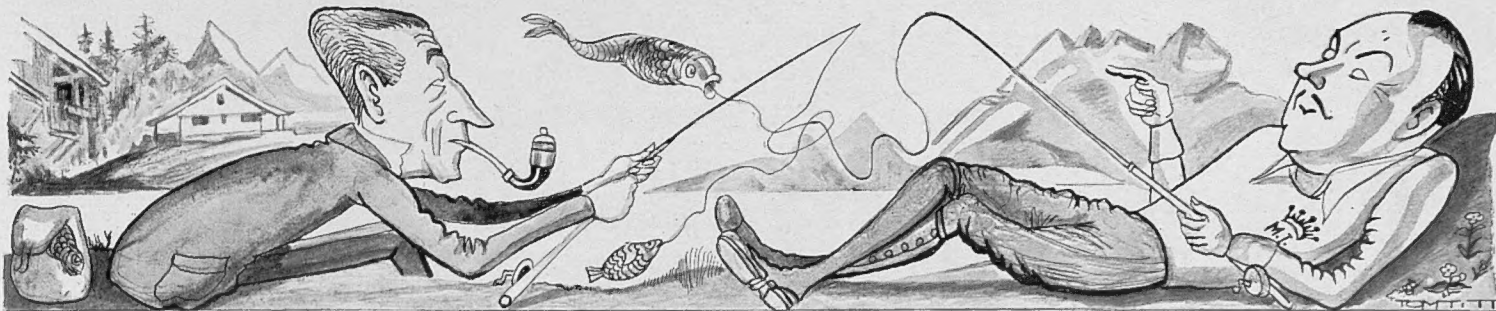
Also at the opening night of "Frenzy" were Mr. and Mrs. Bill Linnit



Yolande Donlan, the American actress, and Val Guest at "Royal Circle"



At the first night of "Happy With Either" Margaret Kennedy, the author of the play, and her children, James, Sally and Julia



An Angling Holiday where life is not a long-drawn-out tussle of wits but the philosophic affair it should be, is the dream of King Marcus (Ralph Richardson). But this pleasant interlude with his A.D.C., Colonel Nicolas Nakoran (David Hutcheson) has to be postponed until the end of the play

Anthony Cookman

with Tom Titt

At the Theatre

"Royal Circle"

(Wyndham's)

AUDIENCES so dumb that they will not venture to say "Boo!" to the veriest goose of a play offend sticklers for the rigour of the theatrical game. Hisses are hideous sounds, but they betoken a healthy spirit of discrimination. So runs the virilist argument, plausibly enough; yet in my experience the mere goose stands in less danger of noisy disapprobation than the imperfect swan. We go on receiving the saddest stuff with polite applause and reserve our hoots for some piece that has missed a difficult mark.

THE gallery gave tongue to frustration on the first night of Sir Ralph Richardson's eagerly anticipated return to London and in so doing were, I think, unfair to actor and author alike. They had been given a vigorous and polished piece of whimsical acting in a play which rashly asked to be judged by Shavian standards. Sir Ralph was, perhaps, ill advised in appearing in this particular play, and Miss Romilly Cavan was mistaken in supposing that she could bend the Shavian bow. Neither mistake deserved vocal brickbats.

Beyond question it is a poor little play. Miss Cavan attempts political satire against a Ruritanian background, as did Mr. Shaw in *The Apple Cart*. This is always a tricky business, requiring ideas handled adroitly or intrigue neatly contrived. In this instance, perhaps a mixture of both would do. When the flow of

satirical ideas is visibly drying up we are still well disposed to the piece, but the expected intrigue is allowed to peter out.

THE play should be at its liveliest while the author is making fun of the Great Powers. They have been told by their scientists that in Ruritania, and nowhere else, exists a mineral which is essential to the manufacture of the latest King Pin of explosives. Accordingly they propose to take over the quiet country and "enthroned peace" there—a proceeding which naturally fills its peace-loving, frivolous king with the gloomiest apprehensions. What the honour may mean in the way of future trouble for the hitherto happy kingdom is indeed made amusingly plain as the various delegates exchange ideas through their incompetent interpreters—but what of the king whom Sir Ralph has already established as a whimsical plebeian with a mind which for want of better material occupies itself with dry-flies, court verse and frivolous ladies?

The better material has arrived in the shape of an International Conference, and we suppose that he will be more than a match for second-rate politicians with their shop-soiled

ideas. Alas, he endures them blandly, and then toys with the idea of abdicating his throne for love of the cool English lady who is one of the delegates. She proves wholly unsympathetic to the easy-going Ruritanian way with Royal mistresses, and it is made clear to him that he was not cut out to be a great lover. Then he will become a dictator, a benevolent despot, but here the march of science is too quick for him. The mineral pronounced priceless on Monday is on Tuesday found to be worthless, and the circle has been completed. He is fitted only to be a frivolous Ruritanian king and so he resumes his interrupted fishing holiday.



Ralph Richardson
as Marcus, King of
Lotavarnie

It is remarkable how entertainingly Sir Ralph makes do without wit, without ideas, and without any intrigue that could possibly raise a moment's suspense. He cannot be witty. He yet contrives to appear witty, and his silences are full of irony, tenderness, criticism, fun and of all sorts of things that find no warrant in the text. A regrettable performance, of course, but it is well worth putting up with the play in order to see it.

Dame Lilian Braithwaite, Miss Meriel Forbes, Miss Jessica Spencer and Mr. David Hutcheson are in a similar pickle. They also must make bricks without straw.



Dame Lilian
Braithwaite as the
formidable Queen
Mother of Lotavarnie

The New (or Very Old) Diplomacy. In spite of the protests of his Prime Minister (John Turnbull), King Marcus decides to use his charms on the Middle Power delegate to the atomic conference (Jessica Spencer). His friend Nicko (David Hutcheson) and female favourite Kati (Meriel Forbes) look on with sceptical indulgence

Anne Butchart
plays the Princess
Adriana, King Marcus's
engaging daughter

Freda Bruce Lockhart

[Decorations
by Hoffnung]

At The Pictures

Savage Torpor

PEOPLE who despise the cinema are almost always those who have seen too few films to express an opinion. The same people would not dare to dismiss classical music on the strength of a few random concerts. They would say, with a show of shame if not of humility: "I'm afraid I'm not very musical."

Film enthusiasts, on the other hand, can hardly avoid nagging doubts as to whether the cinema is an art at all, even on the secondary level of ballet or bull-fighting. So we welcome with gratitude the publication of an "Introduction to Film Appreciation," by Ernest Lindgren which bolsters up our constantly shaken confidence with the bold, if defensive, title: *The Art of the Film* (Allen & Unwin, 16s.).

Mr. Lindgren, in attempting the ponderous-sounding task of setting forth "the fundamentals of film criticism," has written such a persuasive and readable account of what the film has been, is, and could be, if the public paid films the same careful attention as they pay, say, football pools, that anybody who has a glimmer of interest is likely to find it most agreeably stimulated.

On various points I would quarrel with Mr. Lindgren's practice, though seldom with his theories. Halfway through the book, he is quite ready to admit that the film "remains primarily a visual medium and there is generally no justification for allowing speech to play more than a subordinate part." But he himself, up to that point, has devoted far more attention to the film's literary and dramatic aspects than to its pictorial substance. Here and there he recognizes the film's affinity with ballet and with music; he even quotes Pater's words of wisdom about all arts aspiring to the condition of music (though Mr. Lindgren attributes them tentatively to Schopenhauer). But his analogies are all with literature or drama. He is very well aware, as quotations of sense and sensibility from Robert Donat and Bernard Miles show, that film acting is a more exacting, and maybe a more subtle, art than stage acting, but this chapter (the weakest in the book) quite fails to go to the root of the difference.

ALL these criticisms are of the book's proportions, not of its principles. Mr. Lindgren perhaps does not over-emphasize the importance of the early Soviet cinema; but if not, he certainly under-emphasizes the importance of the French and German, and does not so much as mention Italian films. Among pages of Eisenstein and Pudovkin, there is no word, for instance, of Robert Wiene and his *Cabinet of Dr. Caligari*. The German expressionist extravaganza made in 1919 was a landmark in the cinema of its day. Even now, revived at the Everyman, Hampstead, in a remarkable programme which includes the exquisite de Maupassant short-story film, *Partie de Campagne*, and *Night Mail*, the documentary with words by Auden (whose verses Mr. Lindgren incidentally quotes verbatim), the old German

box of horrors is as validly exciting as when I first saw it a dozen years ago. As much could not be said for all the excerpts from Eisenstein chosen for the Eisenstein Memorial Performance, though the sequence from *Ivan the Terrible* was enough to put Mr. Lindgren's claims for the art of the film beyond question.

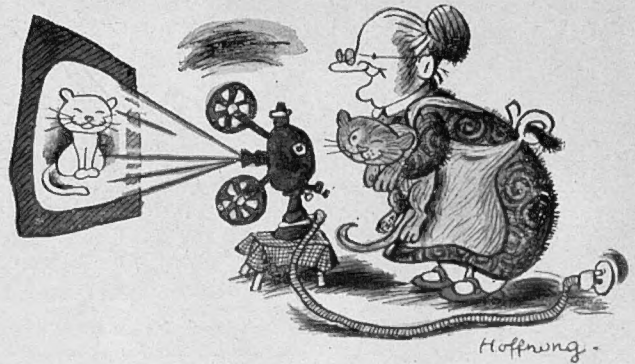
Bounded—though not quite taken in—by the horizons of the British documentary school, Mr. Lindgren has nevertheless established bases for objective film criticism whose soundness must in the main be respected. He has at the same time provided the inquiring filmgoer with everything he needs to know about the cinema and admirably little that he need not. There is also a useful glossary of film jargon for those who like to know the meaning of such esoteric English as (to take four terms at random from the "B's"): Blimp, Blind Booking, Block Booking, Bloop.

ONE of Mr. Lindgren's most rewarding finds is the Wordsworth quotation on his frontispiece. Taken from the Preface to the Second Edition of *Lyrical Ballads* in 1800 it is so apt to problems of contemporary film criticism, film production and film censorship that I must quote in full:

"For the human mind is capable of being excited without the application of gross and violent stimulants; and he must have a very faint perception of its beauty and dignity who does not know this, and who does not further know, that one being is elevated above another, in proportion as he possesses this capability. It has therefore appeared to me, that to endeavour to produce or enlarge this capability is one of the best services in which, at any period, a Writer can be engaged; but this service, excellent at all times, is especially so at the present day. For a multitude of causes, unknown to former times, are now acting with a combined force to blunt the discriminating powers of the mind, and, unfitting it for all voluntary exertion, to reduce it to a state of almost savage torpor."

Savage torpor in film audiences is what producers have long counted on, and the stimulants applied have been growing ever grosser and more violent. Even with Mr. Lindgren's handbook beside me to fortify my own standards I am at some loss to assess *Good Time Girl*, at the Leicester Square. By all the standards on which Mr. Lindgren and I would agree, this must be reckoned an uncommonly good British film. It is directed by David

Macdonald back in his most vigorous and incisive form. It has a heroine (Jean Kent) who allows her face at least two or three live expressions, who talks credible Cockney at any rate to begin with, and grows from innocence to drunken depravity with conviction at almost every stage. The backgrounds have some relation to reality; the sordid home where the heroine shares an iron bedstead with her sister until she decides her father has belted her for the last time, the shabby lodging house where she takes a room, the poky, garish night club where she gets a job, even the habitable flat of the gentlemanly pianist (Dennis Price), each is immediately recognizable, and photographed with a variety of lighting as rare in British



studios as it is welcome. Of the inside of a reformatory—I should say an approved school—I cannot judge except to say that these scenes recall a phase of Hollywood prison pictures, while the grounds could be those of any English institution.

THE poor girl was unlucky to have been sacked—out of vindictive male vanity—for stealing what she had only borrowed; doubly unlucky to be successfully framed, for similar motives, by a razor-slashing spiv and failing to convince the magistrate (Flora Robson) of her innocence. The impression given of justice in our juvenile delinquency courts and discipline in the approved schools is far from reassuring. But having had such bad luck it is credible that bitterness should drive her into league with the Toughest Girl in the School (formidably played by Jill Balcon) and finally to break out. After that nothing could keep her out of the clutches of criminals as nasty as any who make the headlines hideous every Sunday morning.

The use of such prominent players as Griffith Jones, Dennis Price and Herbert Lom in short parts subordinated to what Mr. Lindgren would call the central plot-theme profits the actors and the picture and contributes to terseness and economy reminiscent of a good American crime-film.

A good film then? Of its kind, certainly. But surely there have been more than enough of its kind. Even Mr. Lindgren admits: "In the last analysis, the art of the film . . . is to be valued primarily as the expression of an attitude to life. . . . It is the human values ultimately which count. . . ."

WHAT are the human values, the attitude to life, of films like *Good Time Girl*? Is it a social document? A Crime Doesn't Pay thriller? Or is it just another assault of violence on the savage torpor of the public, framed in flashback with a moral and blurred in one or two places to suit the censor? In that case I would suggest that "What the eye doesn't see the mind need not grieve over" is not the perfect motto for censors. Except on the assumption that the public has no imagination.

Violence at least is not to be found in *The Emperor Waltz*, at the Carlton. But instead of the charms of old Vienna waltzes, which might have soothed instead of stimulating the savage breasts, Crosby's crooning adorns a tale whose grossness, whose human values and attitude to life, may be gauged by the parallel drawn between the romance of an American phonograph salesman with an Austrian Countess and that of his mongrel with her poodle bitch. Joan Fontaine in Edwardian Technicolor is so exquisite to look at that she almost makes it possible to forget the film. Only the late Ernst Lubitsch could have handled this imperial court. Brackett and Wilder, who made *The Lost Week-End*, have not that lightness of touch, or of wit or of taste.

DIANA WYNYARD, whose classic beauty is unsurpassed on the English stage, is the leading lady at Stratford-on-Avon this season, and is seen in one of Sophie Fedorova's costumes for Portia in *The Merchant of Venice*. It is the first time she has acted at Stratford. Her last stage appearance was as the crippled wife in *The Rossiters* at the Lyric, Hammersmith, and as the fascinating Tanis Talbot in *Portrait in Black* at the Piccadilly. A Londoner, educated at Croydon, she made her first appearance at the Globe Theatre in 1925, walking on in *The Grand Duchess*, while one of her most outstanding successes was in *Sweet Aloys* at Wyndham's, in 1936. She has appeared in many films, and made a great success as Jane Marriott in *Cavalcade* and Mrs. Manningham in *Gaslight* and, most recently, as Lady Chilton in *An Ideal Husband*. She is married to Carol Reed the film director



George Bilainkin.

AT THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S



H.E. the Marquis of Santa Cruz, Spanish Minister Plenipotentiary at St. James's

WHATEVER distinction he may achieve in the world as a successful debater *à deux*, as a supremely courteous Spaniard and as a student of psychology, the Marquis of Santa Cruz will go down in British history as the brilliant young diplomatist whose driving licence caused a blow to be struck in the House of Commons! And now, after fifteen years in London, the last two as Chargé d'Affaires of the luxurious Embassy in Belgrave Square, he leaves us to become Minister in Copenhagen.

Precisely ten years ago, during the final stages of the Spanish Civil War, Santa Cruz was (in the language of the British Foreign Office) "assistant agent" to the Duke of Alba, General Franco's envoy in Great Britain. Santa Cruz determined on claiming diplomatic recognition and, accordingly, declined the invitation of the L.C.C. that unlike his colleagues in the Corps he should pay five shillings for his driving licence. The "assistant agent" wrote to the Foreign Office, the Foreign Office to the L.C.C. Santa Cruz was not asked to pay the five shillings. He had won his battle.

Now came a question in the House from Mr. W. Gallacher. Replying, Mr. R. A. Butler said the Foreign Office note to the L.C.C. did not modify the Government's attitude to General Franco's government. Mr. Emanuel Shinwell cried: "End this humbug." Commander R. T. Bower addressed a remark to the present War Secretary. Mr. Shinwell forcefully demonstrated disapproval upon Bower's upper anatomy.

Santa Cruz had achieved immortality in Hansard.

SON of the Premier who is remembered in Spain for his reorganisation of the country's finances after the disastrous war with America, in which Cuba and the Philippines were lost, young Santa Cruz first came to these shores at the age of five, and returned every summer for holidays here with his mother. His progress with private tutors may be gauged by the fact that he was ready to enter the university before his sixteenth birthday. Special dispensation was arranged, he read law at sixteen, and concluded the five-year course in three years, at the age of eighteen. He shot, hunted and played golf (his 14 handicap could be eight or ten). Then he returned to England, to learn what there was about Oxford from the notable New College Warden Spooner, of Spoonerism fame.

For a grandson of the Marquis de Molins, Spanish Minister to Britain in 1866, whose picture decorates the chancery study of the head of mission in Belgrave Square, diplomacy was the obvious career. In 1921 Santa Cruz joined the Foreign Office, was dispatched from London to Lisbon, from Brussels to Rome, from not-so-gay Vienna to Athens, and from enjoyable Stockholm to London again, as Second Secretary, in 1933. He rose to First Secretary, then to Counsellor, and leaves us as Minister Plenipotentiary.

FEW posts have been so difficult in recent years as headship of the Spanish Mission at St. James's, notably since the withdrawal of ambassadors from Madrid and London. It is a measure of the personal qualities of Santa Cruz that his friends here belong to all political parties, Leftist peers as well as Rightist publicists. At his last reception those friends expressed their sincere regret at the departure of one who unaffectedly looks on London as his second home.

At a Canning House Reception



H.E. the Duke of Palmella, Portuguese Ambassador, and Sir Nigel Davidson were among the guests at a recent reception and cocktail-party at the Latin-American Centre, Canning House



H.E. the Mexican Ambassador and H.E. the Guatemalan Minister. Behind, Cdr. Christopher Powell. The party was for South American diplomatists and visitors, and British business men

The R.H.A. Exhibition Opens in Dublin



Mr. John F. Costello, Eire's new Prime Minister, with Mrs. Costello at the opening of the Royal Hibernian Academy's annual exhibition



Miss Norah McGuinness, the artist, with Lady Nelson, wife of Sir James Nelson, Bt. The exhibition is at the Dublin College of Art



His Excellency Mr. Sean T. O'Kelly, President of Eire, with Miss Letitia Hamilton, R.H.A.



The Marquess and Marchioness of Headfort chatting with Mr. James Sleator, R.H.A., President of the Hibernian Academy

Fennell, Dublin

Meeting at White Lodge, Richmond Park



Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Reynolds-Veitch, who entertained the Committee of the Women's Adjustment Board at White Lodge



The bride, formerly Miss P. C. Thorne, daughter of Gen. Sir Andrew and the Hon. Lady Thorne, and bridegroom leaving St. Andrew's Church, Sonning, Berks., after the ceremony



Mrs. R. Madoc with Lady Marjorie Erskine, mother of the bridegroom, who is Lord Erskine's son and heir



Sir Harold Butler, formerly Minister at Washington, with Mrs. T. Hingston and Miss Armine Williams

Wedding of the Master of Erskine



Miss Felicity Erskine, Mr. J. M. Erskine, the Hon. Mrs. Francis Erskine and Mrs. J. M. Erskine, relatives of the bridegroom



The Countess of Lindsey with Lady Cayzer, wife of Sir Nicholas Cayzer, Bt.



Miss J. Paterson, Mrs. Jack Paterson, Miss Jacqueline Paterson and Mr. Dale-Harris at the reception, held at the Deanery, home of the bride's parents



Sir William and Lady Erskine. He is the bridegroom's uncle, and a former Minister to Poland



Miss Adeline Bourne, Rose Marchioness of Headfort, and Mrs. Whittington Moe. A fund was inaugurated for a residential club for elderly ladies



Lady Standing, Mrs. Francis Bathon, Mrs. Persse-Hudson, and Mrs. M. Grosse, also Committee members. Mrs. Reynolds-Veitch is chairman



The King and Queen in St. Paul's during the Silver Wedding Thanksgiving service. Queen Mary, Princess Elizabeth, the Duke of Edinburgh and other members of the Royal family are seated behind their Majesties. There were some 4000 people present at the service, including many diplomatic, political, municipal and academic dignitaries including Cabinet Ministers, the Bishop of London, the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's, and members of the Court of Aldermen. The address was given by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Lesson read by the Moderator of the Free Church Federal Council

Jennifer writes

HER SOCIAL JOURNAL

ALL those who were in St. Paul's for the Royal Silver Wedding Thanksgiving service will remember the impressive scene as, after a fanfare of trumpets, their Majesties the King and Queen, preceded by the Lord Mayor of London holding upright the Pearl Sword (emblem of the King's Justice in the City), walked slowly up to their chairs, and the Sword was placed on a table in front of them.

The Gentlemen-at-Arms, in their scarlet and gold, and the picturesque Yeomen of the Guard had already taken up their positions in the Cathedral, and other intervals of colour were provided by the Heralds, in their quartered tabards, who stood in the North Transept, and the City Aldermen, in their mink-trimmed scarlet.

Then there were the magnificent raiments of the clergy, led by the Archbishop of Canterbury, wearing his white-and-gold mitre. The music during the service was beautiful, and the anthem from "Zadok the Priest" was sung superbly by the choir.

Members of the Royal family were in the two front pews behind their Majesties; on one side H.M. Queen Mary, a regal figure in the same dress she had worn at Princess Elizabeth's wedding, sat with Princess Margaret, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester and Prince William, and the Duchess of Kent and her three children. On the other side Princess Elizabeth sat with her husband, near the Princess Royal, who was in mushroom pink—the first time I have seen her out of mourning—with her two sons;

Princess Alice with the Earl of Athlone and their daughter, son-in-law and grandchildren.

Behind them sat the Prime Minister and Mrs. Attlee, between Mr. and Mrs. Winston Churchill and the Lord Chancellor and Viscountess Jowitt. Behind Queen Mary sat the doyen of the Corps Diplomatique, the Brazilian Ambassador, with Mme. Aragao; and next to them the Chilean Ambassador and lovely Mme. Bianchi, in navy blue with touches of white. Other members of the Corps Diplomatique I saw included the U.S. Ambassador and Mrs. Douglas, very chic in black; the Soviet Ambassador and Mme. Zaroubin; the French Ambassador and Mme. Massigli; the Argentine Ambassador and Mme. Labougle; the Chinese Ambassador and Mme. Cheng; and the Nepalese Ambassador with his lovely wife.

AMONG members of the Royal Household and personal friends of their Majesties I saw in the congregation were the Duke and Duchess of Beaufort, the latter wearing the most wonderful diamonds on her midnight-blue dress and hat; her sister, Lady Helena Gibbs, and Countess Torrering, in a printed dress, looking so like her sister the Duchess of Kent, who was wearing a long draped dress of champagne-coloured crêpe with a folded turban to match. Others were Admiral Sir Alexander and Lady Patricia Ramsey; the Earl of Southesk and his son, Lord Carnegie, who have just returned from America; Helen Duchess of Northumberland, looking lovely in parma violet; the Countess of

Bessborough; Lord Claud Hamilton with his lovely wife, who was wearing the prettiest hat in the congregation, of yellow and grey tulle; the Duke of Hamilton, in Air Force uniform, with the Duchess, in blue; and Mabel Countess of Airlie, in black and white.

Near by were Lord and Lady Killearn, the Dowager Lady Swaythling, Lord and Lady Fermoy, Lord Willoughby de Broke and his lovely wife, the Marquess of Linlithgow, Sir John Monck, tall Brigadier Norman Gwatkin—a very efficient member of the Royal Household, looking after guests, as also was Sir Louis Greig—the Earl and Countess of Cromer, the Earl and Countess of Haddington—the latter in a full-skirted long black ensemble—Lady Zia Wernher and her daughter Myra, in raspberry red; the Hon. Mrs. Andrew Elphinstone, in-waiting on Princess Elizabeth; Lady Rachel Davidson, Major-General and Mrs. Ingram Musson, the Earl and Countess of Shaftesbury, the Countess in a white lace dress; and the Marquess of Milford Haven, in naval uniform.

THEIR Majesties' Silver Wedding Party at Buckingham Palace on the evening following the St. Paul's service was an altogether delightful affair, with an atmosphere of friendly family happiness. Twelve hundred guests filled the State Ballroom, which the King and Queen entered just after 10 p.m. and walked slowly round greeting scores of their friends, both radiant with happiness. They spoke often of their delight at the tremendous welcome they

had received the previous evening on their twenty-two-mile drive through the packed streets of London.

Dancing started when their Majesties took the floor together. The King wore the Garter with his evening clothes; the Queen, too, wore the blue ribbon of the premier Order, its vivid colour set off well by the soft ivory of her gold-spangled gown with a ruched crinoline skirt. She wore a magnificent tiara of diamonds and rubies, with a necklace, bracelets and other fine pieces. Queen Mary was a regal figure in a gown of silver lamé with a short train. Her tiara and jewels were diamonds; she, too, wore the Garter. Princess Elizabeth, who danced with the Duke of Edinburgh, when the King and Queen started off, was in a soft shade of crushed strawberry. She wore the Garter, a lovely tiara of diamonds, which was a wedding gift from Queen Mary, and a diamond necklace.

OTHER married couples I saw dancing together were the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch, the latter looking lovely and wearing some of the magnificent family jewels; the young Duke and Duchess of Northumberland, Field Marshal and Viscountess Alexander of Tunis, the latter very good-looking in red; Sir John Anderson with Lady Anderson, who was wearing a lovely pearl and diamond tiara with her aquamarine satin dress; and Lord and Lady Knollys. Princess Margaret was in off-white tulle with silver paillettes; the Duchess of Kent in a striking gown of deep ice-blue, with sapphires and diamonds; the Princess Royal in white flowered silk, cut on simple lines.

Among others I saw on the dance floor or in the ball supper-room and State Dining-room were the Duke of Norfolk, Lord and Lady Tedder, the latter in red; Lord and Lady Herbert; the Duchess of Portland in pink satin and black lace; her mother-in-law, the Dowager Duchess of Portland, in old rose; Lord and Lady Hardinge of Penshurst, the Marquess and Marchioness of Bath, and Lord Addison with Lady Addison. Lady Addison was one of the many wearers of white, others who wore it including Lady Woolton, Mrs. Attlee, the Marchioness of Salisbury, and the attractive Marchesa de Santa Cruz, who is leaving shortly for Copenhagen, where her husband is to take up his new appointment.

Also there were the Earl and Countess of Halifax, the latter in a gown of silver lamé; Sir Duff and Lady Diana Cooper, she in a very striking gown of pink and brown tulle, with head-dress of ospreys dyed to match; the Earl of Dalkeith, the Hon. Mrs. Andrew Elphinstone, in shot blue and silver; the Duke and Duchess of Rutland, Lord Clarendon; the Lord Chamberlain; the Earl and Countess of Cromer, the Earl and Countess of Haddington, the Countess lovely in parchment satin with her enormous diamond tiara; the Dowager Countess of Airlie, Earl Stanhope—another wearer of the Garter—and Countess Stanhope, Mr. and Mrs. David Bowes-Lyon, Mr. and Mrs. Winston Churchill, Admiral Earl Granville and Countess Granville, the Duke of Marlborough, the young Marquess of Blandford, and Sir Alfred and Lady Munnings. During the evening H.M. the King sat out several times, and I saw him chatting to the Countess of Eldon. The Queen danced nearly every dance at this wonderful party, which went on until 3 a.m.

OPPORTUNITIES to meet a large number of the British Colony in Paris, and a number of promising young Frenchmen in the Government services, have been arranged during

the visit of Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh to Paris at Whitsun. Their first engagement after their arrival on the morning of May 14th will be to receive members of the British Embassy staff. Immediately afterwards they will drive to the Elysée Palace to make their formal call on the President of the Republic and Mme. Auriol, before driving to the Arc de Triomphe to lay wreaths on the war memorial.

ALUNCH-PARTY at the Embassy will precede their drive with our Ambassador and Lady Harvey to the Musée Gailliera, where the Princess will carry out the opening of the exhibition of Eight Centuries of British Life in Paris. The rest of the day has been left free to give the Princess and the Duke a chance to look round Paris on their own in private.

On Saturday there is to be a luncheon-party at the Canadian Embassy, at which M. Schuman, the Prime Minister of France, will be present. In the afternoon T.R.H. will drive out to Versailles for sightseeing. A dinner-party at the British Embassy in the evening will be attended by members of the French Government and heads of Dominion Missions, after which there will be a formal reception. On Sunday, after morning service, the Princess and the Duke will meet many British residents in the Embassy courtyard, and after lunch they will go to Longchamp for the races.

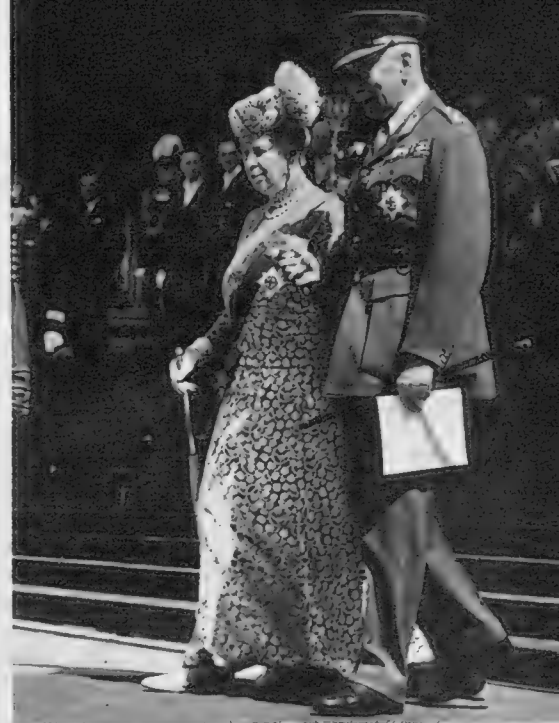
On Monday they will drive into the country and visit Fontainebleau, and later attend a reception given by Lord Duncannon to meet younger officials from the Quai d'Orsay before dining with a small party at the Embassy. That evening they will attend a gala ballet performance at the Opera, and next morning they leave by air for London.

I WENT down to Newmarket for the day, to see H.H. the Gaekwar of Baroda's grand horse My Babu win the Two Thousand Guineas by a head from Colonel Giles Loder's



At Temple Bar, on his way to St. Paul's with the Queen and Princess Margaret, the King touched the sword handed to him by the Lord Mayor. This ceremony, now a regular one, was first introduced by the Plantagenets

good-looking horse The Cobbler, with Mr. H. J. Joel's Pride of India third. H.H. the Gaekwar of Baroda was there to see his horse win this record stake in British racing of £14,099 15s. He was accompanied by the Maharanee, wearing a yellow sari under her long platina mink coat, and both, although they had only just arrived by air from India, braved the cold wind to see the horses parade in the paddock, where they were joined by the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk, Lord Allendale, M. Volterra—accompanied by Mme. Volterra—who had come over from France to see his Royal Drake run, Mr. and Mrs. John Ferguson, who had come to see Pretence, Lt.-Colonel Giles Loder and other owners.



The Queen Mother, wearing the Order of the Garter, is escorted down the Cathedral steps by her brother, the Earl of Athlone

Among other racing enthusiasts, I saw the Earl and Countess of Rosebery, the latter looking charming in grey; the Earl and Countess of Ellesmere, the latter in blue; Lord and Lady Grimthorpe; Lord Carnarvon and his son, Lord Porchester; Major and the Hon. Mrs. de Buisson; Lord and Lady Willoughby de Broke, the latter in a very waisted and "New Look" check coat; and the Countess of Durham, wearing an emerald-green hat and long black coat, who was congratulating Lord St. Aldwyn and Mrs. Diana Smyly on their recently announced engagement. Mrs. Smyly, who looked very attractive in navy blue, told me they were going to get married at the end of June.

OTHERS I met were Mrs. Jack Starkey, very smart and looking so well after her recent trip to America to visit her daughter; Major David Heneage, Lady Sudeley, Major and Mrs. Misa, Lord Killanin, who told me he was staying with his mother at nearby Chippenham Park; Lady Margaret Fortescue, Sir Nigel Mordaunt, Mr. Tom Blackwell, Colonel and Mrs. Heygate and their daughter Felicity; Mme. Massigli, who had come down with Lady Anderson; and Commander and Mrs. Ronald Scott-Miller, who said they had thoroughly enjoyed their trip to South Africa.

Also there I met Captain Hector Christie, chatting to Mrs. Noel Wall and Major Dermot Daly; Mr. Vincent Routledge, Colonel and Mrs. Jim Windsor-Lewis, and her eldest sister, Lady Pilkington; Mrs. Tom Dearbergh and her son and daughter. The Aly Khan was chatting to Lady Baron, and Earl Fitzwilliam and Viscount Stavordale were enjoying a joke with the Hon. Mrs. Pamela Churchill.

SIR RALPH RICHARDSON made a welcome return to the stage in *Royal Circle*, at Wyndham's, in which his wife, Meriel Forbes, also appears. He gives a delightful performance as the king. Among those I saw in the audience were Jane Carr and Marianne Davies, watching the performance from a box; John Gielgud, very bronzed after his Mexican holiday; Mary Ellis and her husband; Mr. and Mrs. Emlyn Williams, and Terence Rattigan with Peter Glenville, who is producing his two short plays later in the summer. Lady Hardwicke was with a party in the stalls, and near by sat Rose Marchioness of Headfort, Lady Warwick with Mrs. Stephen Mitchell, Sir Simon and Lady Marks, who were chatting to Doris Zinkeisen, who had done the décor; also Mary Lady Monckton, looking smart in purple.

"DOUBLE EVENT" FOR

They saw the Gaekwar of Baroda's My Babu win the Two Thousand Guineas from The Cobbler by a head



The much fancied My Babu, C. Smirke up, was a model of equine composure as he was led in after winning the first flat-racing classic of the year



W/Cdr. and Mrs. R. Norman were two of the spectators who saw this very close race with eighteen runners



Lady Newman, Sir Cecil Newman, and Mrs. Peter Beckwith-Smith



Mrs. Marshall and Mrs. Williams chatting in the car park



Miss Avril Curzon, who is a relative of Viscount Scarsdale



Mr. John Holbech, a well-known turf figure, and his wife



Mr. and Mrs. Fred Rimell and Mr. W. H. Harrison enjoy a joke



Mr. McGregor with Capt. O. Bell, the trainer, and Mrs. Bell



Lady Willoughby de Broke came well prepared for the cold winds



Mrs. Vernon Miller with Mrs. A. Jonsson and Miss F. Jonsson



Mrs. Clive Graham with Prince and Princess Vsevolode

NEWMARKET RACEGOERS

And were able on the same day to attend the Spring Bloodstock Sales, at which excellent prices were realised



Mr. and Mrs. Roy Thirkell were two others who enjoyed a full day



Mrs. Guy Shorrock, the owner, at the sale with Mr. R. G. Colling



Mr. K. Bailey and his sister-in-law, Mrs. E. Bailey



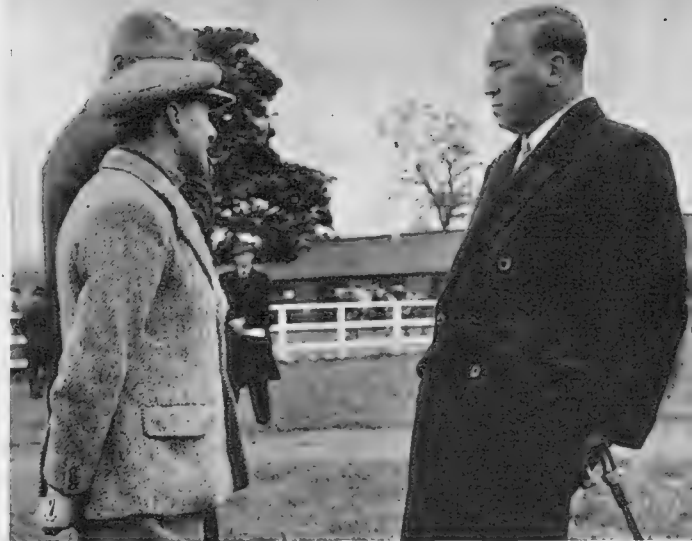
Major and Mrs. C. Bewicke going to the parade ring



Mrs. Fred Rimell, wife of the trainer, and Mr. W. H. Harrison



The Earl of Rosebery talking to Capt. O. Bell



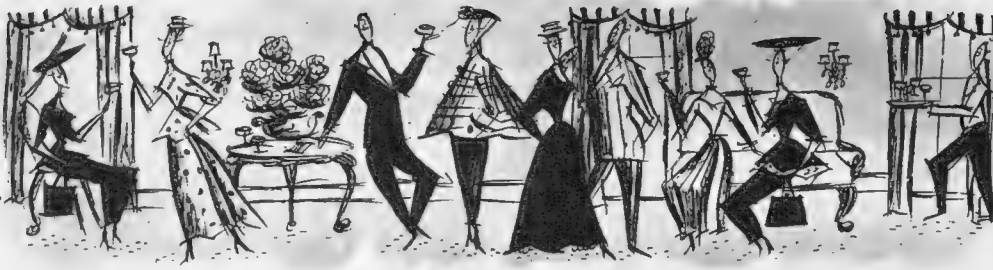
Michael Beary, who rode fifty-eight winners last season, discusses the lots with the Earl of Carnarvon



The Hon. Hugh Stanley, brother of the Earl of Derby, with Mrs. Parker Bowles and Mrs. P. Miller-Mundy



Major F. Bladon, Capt. Smith Bingham and Capt. G. W. Breitmayer give critical attention to Mr. Len Sheasly's D.H. Comet



Priscilla The Union

NEVER has such excitement been seen as over the forthcoming visit of H.R.H. the Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh. All hearts go out to this glamorous young couple, and every woman, child and man-in-the-street is hoping that H.R.H.'s speech, in French, will be heard on the air when she opens the exhibition of "Eight Centuries of British Life in Paris" at the Musée Galliera on May 14th.

It is already impossible, for love or money, to find Union Jacks for decorative purposes, and sewing machines are working overtime to produce home-made ones. The spacing of the various crosses is a difficult problem. Many of my friends have solved the question with pots of paint and by tearing up valued sheets and table-cloths, and these clever souls are praying,

even more urgently than the rest of the world, that the weather remains fine.

So many dear, familiar and notable pre-war faces have vanished from our lives that it is with joy that one welcomes the belated arrival of those who, having been obliged, for racial reasons, to hide during Occupation, are returning to *la vie Parisienne*. The latest arrival is that of the strange, red-haired singer of ultra-realistic songs, Marianne Oswald. Although she sang for us at the party that celebrated her reappearance, it is as the author of *Je N'ai Pas Appris à Vivre*, an autobiographical novel, prefaced by Prévert, that she makes her second début in Paris.

Marianne may not, as the title of her book indicates, have "learned how to live," but she

has certainly progressed in the art of receiving and entertaining her guests. The party took place at the house of her editor, M. Domat, in one of the quiet, un-get-at-able streets of Auteuil and, in spite of the distance, all the Left Bank crashed into the charming *salons* and parked itself on the white satin divans. The Champs Élysées and Plaine Monceau quarters were well represented also, from André de Fouquières—full of his *Arabian Nights* voyage to India for the Kapurthala rejoicings—to Émile Herriot and Robert Kemp, the eminent critic, who was there with his pretty wife.

A gay party was given at the Gare du Nord the other morning when a champagne "elevensy" celebrated the second post-war birthday of the Golden Arrow. Mlle. Jacqueline Figueras (Miss Paris), the guest of

BATH RECALLS ITS GEORGIAN GLORIES



The Mayor and Mayoress of Bath with their guests at the Pump Room during the Georgian Ball



Mr. Iain Shergold and Miss Mildred Walker, two more of the guests at this Bath Assembly occasion



Col. G. F. Whitfield, with his quizzing glass, brocade and lace, made a resplendent figure



Miss Hancock talking to Lord Methuen, who expressed the eighteenth century's Oriental flair



Glyndebourne's "Il Seraglio" singers at Bath: Owen Brannigan, Ingrid Hazeman, John Kentish, Richard Lewis and Margaret Ritchie



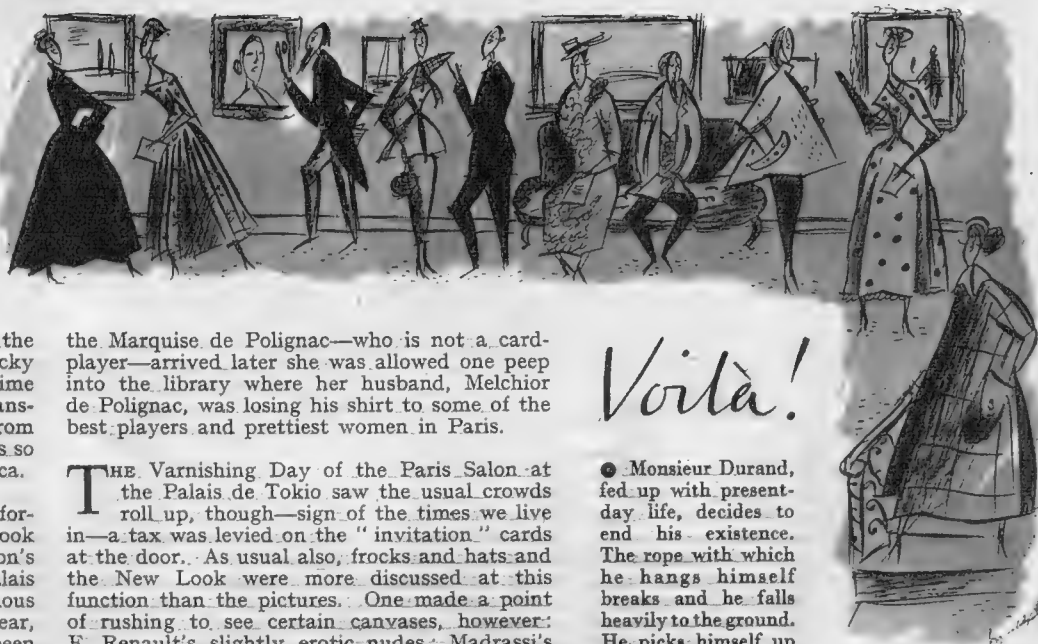
Admiral of the Fleet Sir James Somerville, Lord Lieutenant of Somerset, arriving for the opera with his daughter, Miss Rachel Somerville



Mr. Rudolph Byng, Director of Edinburgh Festival, Mr. Ian Hunter, Artistic Director of the Assembly, and Mr. Moran Caplat, Manager of Glyndebourne Opera

in Paris

Jack Problem



honour, was duly photographed standing on the engine as well as kissing the driver. Lucky driver! But what a busy, and interesting, time of it he would have if all the celebrities he transports rewarded him with a kiss. Film-stars, from Vivien Leigh to Edwige Feuillère, as well as so many great personages of Europe and America.

ANOTHER get-together, when the A.S.A. gathered for its monthly jamboree, took place one afternoon at Mme. Jules Simon's lovely flat overlooking the Seine and the Palais de Chaillot (ex-Trocadero), where the famous Bal des Petits Lits Blancs will take place this year, the flooring of the Opera House having been declared unsafe. This is usually a hen-party, but Bridge being the order of the day on this occasion, one man, by special favour, was present, and when

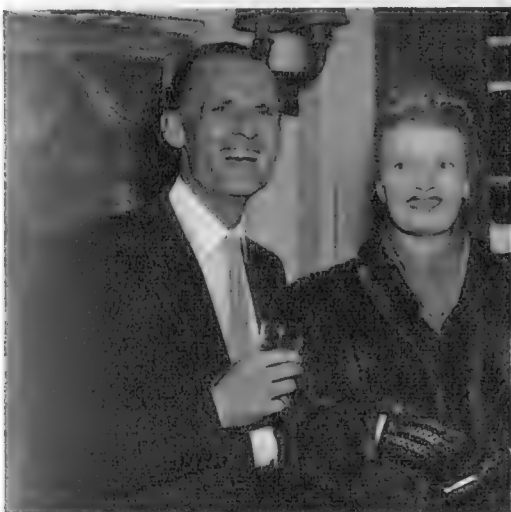
the Marquise de Polignac—who is not a card-player—arrived later she was allowed one peep into the library where her husband, Melchior de Polignac, was losing his shirt to some of the best players and prettiest women in Paris.

THE Varnishing Day of the Paris Salon at the Palais de Tokio saw the usual crowds roll up, though—sign of the times we live in—a tax was levied on the "invitation" cards at the door. As usual also, frocks and hats and the New Look were more discussed at this function than the pictures. One made a point of rushing to see certain canvases, however: F. Renault's slightly erotic nudes; Madrassi's impression of the novelist Michel Georges-Michel, and the interesting portraits by Guiraud de Scevola and R. Woog.

Voilà!

● Monsieur Durand, fed up with present-day life, decides to end his existence. The rope with which he hangs himself breaks and he falls heavily to the ground. He picks himself up and grumbles: "How stupid! I might have hurt myself!"

JOHN GIELGUD RETURNS FROM THE U.S.A.



Mr. John Perry, the playwright, who gave a reception at his Westminster home, with Hazel Terry, the actress



John Gielgud, who was in the U.S. for eighteen months, with Patricia Hastings (Mrs. William Conway)



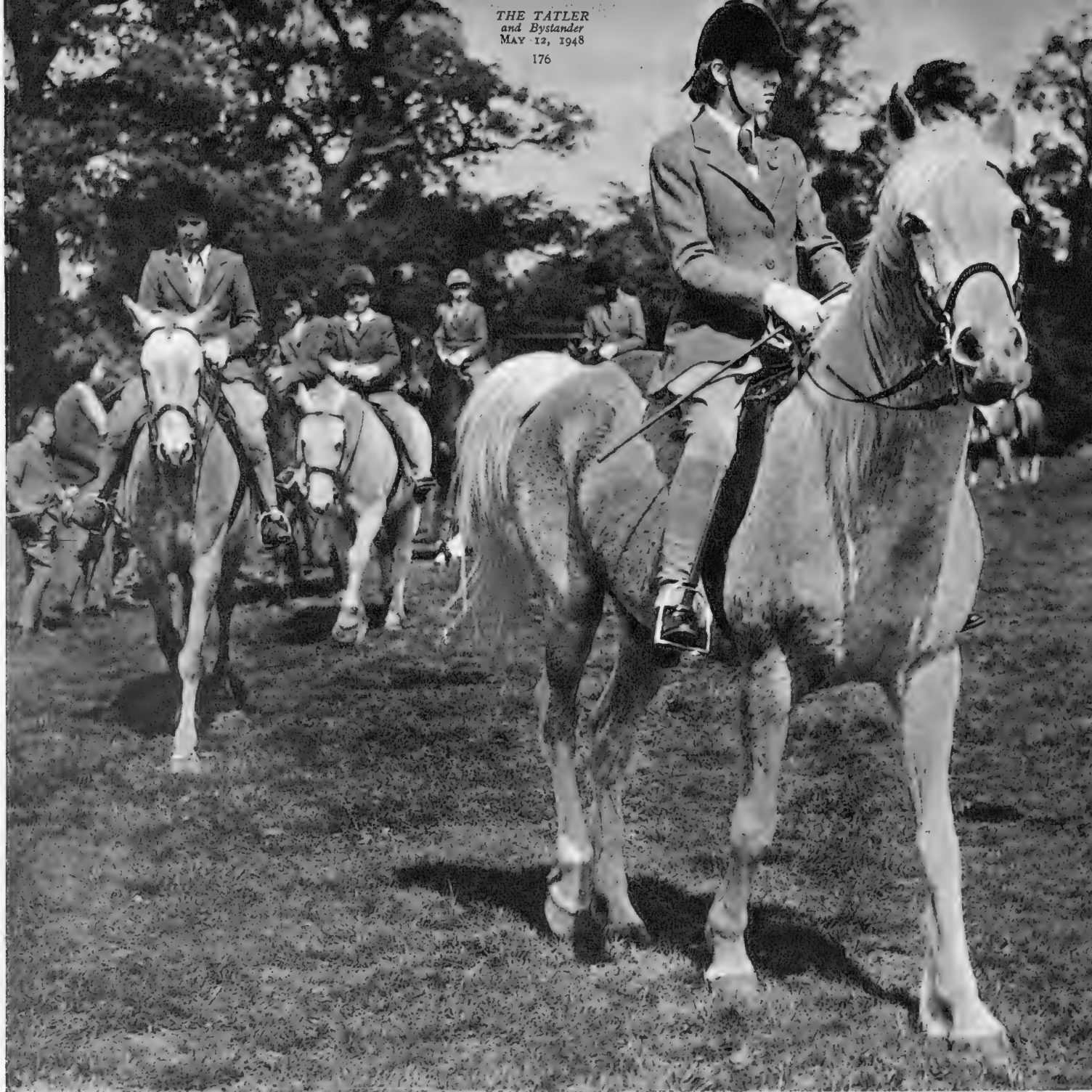
Hugh Beaumont, managing director of H. M. Tennent, and Isabel Jeans, the actress were also among the guests



Dame Sybil Thorndike, with Gladys Cooper and Mrs. Robert Morley. Mrs. Morley is Gladys Cooper's elder daughter



Leslie Banks, Maria Britneva, Madge Elliott, with her husband Cyril Ritchard, and Joyce Carey were also guests



Princess Alexandra riding in the class for ponies not exceeding 12.2 hands suitable to be ridden by children born in or after 1932. Her pony Tura'a is a pure-bred Arab mare from the Irakian desert

THE DUCHESS OF KENT AT IVER HORSE SHOW

SEES HER CHILDREN RIDE IN SEVERAL
EVENTS WITH COMMENDABLE SUCCESS



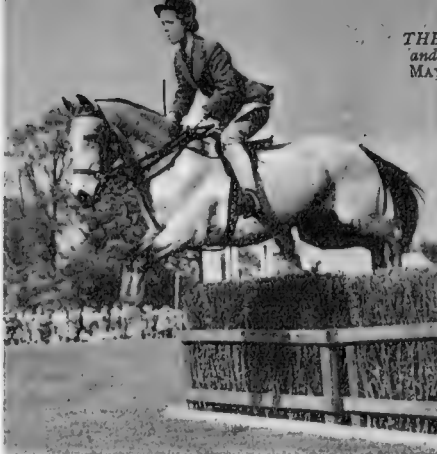
The Duke of Kent enjoys himself speeding down the slide

The Duchess of Kent, accompanied by her three children, attended the recent Iver Children's Horse Show and Gymkhana at Iver Grove Paddock, Bucks. The show, which has been held annually for the last four years, is run entirely for children except for the two Driving Turn-out Classes. Princess Alexandra, who is an experienced rider and who has an exceptionally good seat on a horse, won a Highly Commended (fourth place) in one of the Best Child Rider Classes, and came First in Class 15, "Musical Hats," which was one of the gymkhana events.

Five-year-old Prince Michael, following in his sister's footsteps, entered for the Leading Rein Class for children born in or after 1940, and was awarded a Highly Commended. The Duke of Kent was not riding, but watched with keen interest. The Class for Novice Juvenile Jumping was won by Miss Pat Moss on her pony Hairpin. She jumped all four of her ponies in this event and reached the final with all of them. The show had a full attendance, for there were some 4000 spectators, while 200 ponies and 174 competitors took part in the events



Princess Alexandra presents a prize to Reggie Urquhart riding Thomasina in the Leading Rein Class



Diana Allen, of Maidenhead, takes a fence in fine style on Biddy in the Juvenile Jumping Class

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Hilary French, of Denham, on Bambi was one of the competitors in the Juvenile Novice Jumping



Enjoying a picnic lunch were Rosemary Stock, Mrs. P. C. Cornell, Miss Roseanne Arnell, Heather Cornell and Angela Cornell



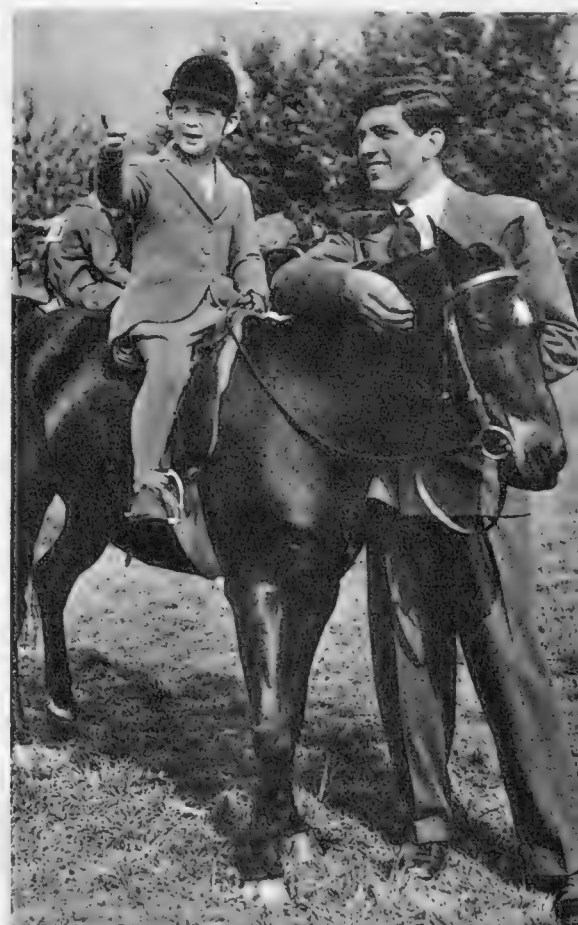
The Duchess of Kent watching the events with her elder son, the Duke of Kent, and attended by Lady Herbert



John Way, holding firmly on to his pony, with Sylvia Colmer and Judith Grant on the back of their horse-box



Princess Alexandra rides Tura'a round the ring. She is no novice to the show-ring, having ridden several times previously at Iver, at Badminton, and the Royal Windsor Horse Show



Prince Michael of Kent with Mr. John Tullis, son of Mr. J. K. Tullis, who was the chairman of the show committee



"And the next thing, Madam"—the Renaissance comes to Littlehampton

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

Standing By ...

UNDOUBTEDLY the debasement of the English tongue proceeds apace, thanks to Hollywood, the BBC, and other cultural influences, as a bitter chap was recently crying. The flabby-genteel use of the word "nevertheless" by *Times* leader-writers is one obvious example he failed to quote.

To appreciate the vital force of "nevertheless" one may recall the incident at the Scots village concert:

MINISTER: Jeanie McSporrán will noo sing "Ma Hairt's i' the Hielan's."

VOICE FROM THE REAR: She's a wee hooorr.

MINISTER: NAIVERRRRTHELESS, Jeanie McSporrán will noo sing (etc., etc.).

All right, all right, your great-great-grandmother's third cousin Hamish heard it in 1768 from a niece-by-marriage-thrice-removed of Archibald, Duke of Argyll. It's good, nevertheless.

Dream

Nobody wanted Littlehampton (Sussex) after all, we regret to observe. After five minutes' bidding this desirable seaside property was withdrawn, with its attractive inhabitants, at £485,000.

Were we frightfully rich (God forbid), Littlehampton would be just the toy we're looking for. We'd turn it into a Renaissance town full of strange, exquisite passions, like a play by Webster or Cyril Tourneur. At the grocer's—all marble and gold, with tall Venetian jars full of rare poisoned syrups—housewives with dazzling white bosoms in rich brocaded gowns, fingering with jewelled nonchalance caskets of malachite containing spiced dainties, every one from silken Samarcand to cedared Lebanon, would suddenly fall to the ground, stabbed by some smiling gallant offering a pomander, himself knifed immediately by a rival.

CHIEF GROCER: Cover her face. Mine eyes dazzle.
A HOUSEWIFE: She died young.

A GALLANT:

How subtly was that murder closed! Bear up
These tragic bodies; 'tis a heavy season.

A RATEPAYER:

Would I had given

Both her white hands to death, bound and
lock'd fast

In her last winding-sheet!

(Pause. The bodies are removed by sbirri from
the Signoria.)

CHIEF GROCER: And the next thing,
Madam?

Even the local Inland Revenue boys and their secret police would swagger round the town in silks and jewels, heavily perfumed, with peacock-feathers in their bowler hats. Buy Littlehampton for us, somebody.

Plaque

THINKER puzzled by L.C.C. waywardness in the matter of tacking blue memorial-plaques on what historic London houses still remain had no solution to offer. It may be

that at County Hall ædiles with a hangover pick up the *Dictionary of National Biography* (that classic work of fiction) in mistake for the A.B.C., and continue reading from where it opens.

Only thus can one explain why some illustrious houses still lack their plaques, whereas others, in which exhausting political and literary bores lived or (worse) were born, are duly decorated. For example, plaques are still ignobly missing from (a) the house in Bloomsbury where Verlaine and Rimbaud lived on their first visit to London, and (b) No. 5 Cromwell Place, South Kensington, twenty-seven years ago the most important house in the British Empire, and possibly the United States as well. It was here, at the table of Hazel Lady Lavery, the beautiful and the good, when the bitter final conflict over the Irish Free State looked like resolving into another blood-bath, that the leaders on both sides met daily and talked "as human beings beyond the scent of herded wolves," as Senator Gogarty says. Thus was unspeakable disaster averted. It seems worth a plaque.

666?

At an agreeable Embassy party recently we noted that diplomats continue to be traditionally non-committal, except when faced with a tray of cocktails.

Discretion, in fact, continues to be the word with those elegant boys even in the Shirtsleeve Era. How far diplomatic discretion may be carried we were curious to note the other day while examining, for our own vile purposes, some original 18th-century Foreign Office dossiers at the Record Office. The procedure with our Ambassadors was to write in groups of numbers, thus:

8807 65 442 3766 014 (etc.).

—leaving plenty of space for Foreign Office quills to decode under each group; the cipher presumably being changed at frequent intervals, as now, to foil well-wishers. The British Ambassador whose despatches we happened to be reading was having terrific trouble with a powerful Royal favourite. Even in cipher he never described this boy in the word of seven letters he was obviously thinking of ("that 8—15 5846312.")

It may not seem much to you 9952 0453's, but to us it is a marvel of 8285, 15590, and 953½.

Contretemps

PROPOS the call of the Wild, no humanitarian could have scanned unmoved a suggestion from that cynical old tease "Beachcomber" that the Olympic relay-runners should carry a little actress instead of a torch from Mount Olympus to Wembley Stadium shortly.

Sympathisers will recall that this was actually done in the Games of 1802, and aroused the generous indignation of Blake:

A little Actress in a Cage
Puts all Heaven in a Rage,
But nestling in an Athlete's Arms
She rattles Hell with wild Alarms.

The inevitable occurred about ten parasangs north of Lissus:

Behold the Athlete's cowl-like Eyes!
Whence comes this imbecile Surprise?
He who would squeeze the tiny Asp
Has surely gasped his final Gasp;
He who would hug the Cockatrice
Will find the Process far from nice;
O, what avails the Nordic Race?
Those bulging Calves? That foolish Face?
Stung by the tiny Wanton—lo!
The Athlete staggers to and fro,
His Comrades, all as dull as he,
Stare dumbly at his Misery (etc.).

When the last Olympic relay-team tottered into London, carrying its lovely, hellish burden and absolutely all-in, sewn up, and half mad with pain and terror, it was immediately disqualified by Mr. H. H. G. J. Cooke of the A.A.A. for "holding."

Thus Virtue spurns and Reason shames
Those up to such Olympic Games.

Our latest information is that she will be carried in a pie.

Reprieve

AN authentic son of the Great Open Spaces who left Liverpool by liner for his native prairie recently, wearing high-heeled spurred boots and other cowboy-trappings, probably changed into a neat pinstripe lounge-suit when the ship cleared the Mersey, heaving a sigh of relief.

We deduce this from the procedure of the only genuine cowboy we have ever met; at the Captain's table, in a dinnerjacket by Brooks Brothers, having left off stamping and jingling just outside Sandy Hook. Cowboys of refinement apparently like leaving off being cowboys whenever they can, though any rap at the cabin-door when nearing port may send them leaping back frantically into the old furry pants. Compare the sensible horsemanship of the *vaqueros* of South America. They are expected to start and end a journey with a mighty leap from a cloud of dust. Once out of sight of the public (*teste* Waugh) they jog quietly on like a one-time Suffolk farmer till nearing the next exhibition stage.

In a word, all performers like time-off. Even actors sometimes relax when nobody is looking. Even blondes sometimes stop behaving like blondes. How come you kotch yourself all dis doggone natchul sagashity, Brer Rabbit? Jes' loungin' roun' en sufferin', Brer Possum; jes' loungin' roun' en sufferin'.



"Once out of sight . . ."



Spicer, Brighton

Start of the second time round in the Adjacent Farmers' Race. The winner was Burgage (in front), P. Dark up. Held at Littleworth, Partridge Green, near Horsham, the attendance was rather smaller than usual, owing to various topical causes, but some very fine sport was seen

Crawley and Horsham Point-to-Point



The Hon. Mrs. Claude Allenby,
Mrs. J. Rogerson and Col.
Henry Green



Mr. and Mrs. W. Scott walk
over the course to inspect
the jumps



Miss Patricia Arentsen and
Miss Helen Wooldridge, two
more spectators



Lt.-Col. Giles Loder, Mr. Ray-
mond, Miss Rona Burrell and
Mrs. Walter Burrell



The Stewards, Col. R. S. Clarke,
M.P., Capt. H. Brown and Major
H. H. Blaker



Mrs. H. G. Gregson, the Master,
with Lt.-Col. C. A. Calvert, the
starter



Tasker, Press Illustrations

A picnic lunch behind straw ramparts to keep off the wind was enjoyed by Mrs. John Dalrymple, Mrs. Foxley, Miss Lyon, Mrs. R. Peto, Mr. Peto and Mr. J. Evers

At the Bicester and Warden Hill Meeting



Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Budgett, Mrs. G. Ruck-
Keene, Miss Jane Robinson and Mr. G. Ruck-
Keene. Mr. Budgett is the owner of Commissar



Countess Beatty, Mrs. M. V. Courage, Sir
Anthony Weldon and Earl Beatty, the Master.
The meeting was held at Slade Farm, Kirtlington



Johnson, Oxford

Mr. Charles Morton and Lady
Fox, wife of Sir Gifford
Fox, Bt., M.P.



The Scene at Worcester as the Australians started the cricket season with a match against the county team. Yarnold is batting. Worcester possesses one of the pleasantest grounds in the country, almost under the cathedral walls. Though ninth in the county table last year, they had otherwise a most successful season, crowds much in excess of pre-war turning out to watch them and enjoy their very sporting performances

Sabretache

Pictures in the Fire

THERE is a good old precept where that rough-and-tumble game, steeplechasing, is concerned which directs you to crack on and steal as many lengths as you can when anything that looks dangerous and challenging clouts one hard and flounders; because he is pretty certain to take quite a time before he gets balanced again and drops into the rhythm of the thing, no matter how good an expert in the art of sitting still he may have on his back.

The same rule, naturally, applies when you see one bumped, or barged into, on the wrong leg going into an awkward place. Even if he does not fall outright, he is fairly certain to land all abroad and lose valuable time he cannot afford, and further, has probably had some of the wind knocked out of him. This is exactly what happened to Silver Fame in this year's Grand National at Becher's the first time. It was not the fence that got him.

Similarly, in the box-fight, or cauliflower-ear game, if you neglect to go in and let him have it with all you've got when he is on the wrong leg, it is more than possible that he may get in and put you down for the count the moment he does get balanced. These little platitudes are set down "a-purpose," and with no intention of trying to be funny. They are dead serious, because, unless one of the "jockeys," or one of the gladiators, sees the No. 1 chance there is of securing peace for perhaps 100 years, that Other Chap may get on the right leg and destroy us all. The obvious thing is not to give him time to do it. In a steeplechase you do not pull up and catch the enemy's horse: you do not pull your punches when there is a world championship at stake. So why should we be girlish about it?

"Light on Homer"

AN article with this heading in one of our erudite contemporaries may have caused others, besides myself, a twinge of conscience, for, in those salad days when we were green in judgment and young in blood, we were rather inclined to be hard on him, particularly when compelled by *force majeure* to read so much of his interesting works and to copy out yards of his Gulliver's Travels (with accents).

For instance, in those happy days we never believed a single word about those ladies in the Straits of Medina singing about "What shall we do with a drunken sailor?" so to distract Odduseus' far too susceptible crew that they might have piled the ship up on Scylla, or got her sucked under by Charybdis (a miserable little whirlpool, as those who have seen it will know).

The yarn about the one-eyed giant and how the hero and his friends escaped hanging on below those sheep, likewise never intrigued us very much, after all the other yarns he had spun us, and, so far as I can recall at this distance of time, the only one we believed was about Circe turning those sailors into swine. This seemed to be quite an easy trick for any competent vamp.

This new discovery somewhere near the Taurus Mountains suggests that Homer was not born in any of the places which classical history suggests. As, however, a German professor has already told the world that the wretched man never wrote either *The Iliad* or *The Odyssey*, this seems a small matter. Some people still believe that Bacon did not write a single one of Shakespeare's plays, and that The Swan was not the Chaw's enemies tried to make out that he was. So poor old Homer!

"The Book of the Dog"

TO attempt to review such a magnificent anthology of the Dog as this, and do it adequately in this little page so very like a yacht's deck—two steps and overboard—is just not possible, for to do it the justice it deserves would demand almost the whole of this journal. It is published by Ivor Nicholson and Watson at 2 guineas, with a promise of an edition de luxe at 6 guineas to follow. I hasten to convey my compliments to the publishers, for it is beautifully turned out. There are over a thousand very large-size pages; there are nearly eighty contributors, and there are any number of really beautiful illustrations from Titian's "Venus and Adonis" on that famous pig-sticking occasion; Velasquez, to the best of the Dutchmen, and Landseer and Alma Tadema.

Drawing a bow at a venture, and chancing the half-bricks, I should say that it was easily the most comprehensive work of its kind ever produced, and I am sure that everyone who

comes across it ought first to thank the publishers for giving us something so very different from the rag-tag and bobtail things which we have been assured are the inevitable penalty imposed upon us by Hitler and our own extravagance. All my eye and Miss Elizabeth Martin, of course, but that is what these producers will tell you if you dare to murmur. The rubbish-bin is the right place for some of the slipshod, down-at-heel publications.

A Beautiful Production

THIS book was printed and bound by Mouton and Co., The Hague; hence its beautiful garniture. As to its matter, it is worth every sixpence of the price. It is edited by Mr. Brian Vesey-FitzGerald; who, other things apart, is a naturalist of commanding stature, and he tells us that his enormous team of contributors has been quite easy to handle. What a fortunate editor! Mr. Vesey-FitzGerald also says in his preface that we are not a nation of real dog-lovers. I do not entirely agree. The stupes and the pot-hunters may not be, but the ornery cove who owns a dog, and particularly if it happens to be a pure Heinzhund, does love him, because he is his dog and he knows full well what a good chap he is. Perhaps I speak with prejudice, because I am one of those lucky people whom hounds are so kind as to love, and with whom most other dogs know they can take any kind of liberty without being misunderstood.

I once knew a Master of Hounds who was "afraid of dogs," and did not dare to go near his own kennels. But he was an exception; and he was also a very wise man, for they might have broken him up. Hounds know instantly. In this book I have turned first to the foxhound chapters, because I know most about them and I have read them with much interest, even if they have told me not much more than Beckford, Lord Lonsdale's *Meynellian Science*, Lord Bathurst's books and, more recently, Ikey Bell's chatty discourse; but I confess that Mr. Vevers' chapter which opens the ball, on the evolution of the Canidæ, absolutely engrossed me, and would not permit me to go to bed. Mr. Vevers says that there has never been a fox-dog hybrid, and, I gather, believes it to be impossible.

We naturally bow to such an authority, but when dear little Teddie Drake had the Old Berkeley he produced a whelp which he claimed was one. It had the fox scent, and looked amazingly like a fox. However, this by the way. The dog descends from the wolf and has not the fox scent. I am sure the fox has a lot of the cat in him, and his eyes support this belief. Both cats and dogs descend from a common ancestor, who lived about 40,000,000 years ago. Mr. Vevers, F.R.C.S., is the Superintendent of the Zoo and sometimes hunts in couples with Mr. Brian Vesey-FitzGerald on the wireless, much to our education and general enlightenment. It is quite impossible to do justice to every contributor, but my sincere felicitations to all hands in a magnificent effort.

BRIGGS—by Graham



"Tchah!—More people, more work . . .!"

EMMWOOD'S WESTMINSTER WARBLERS

(NO. 18)

A bird of extremes. Once a lover of wide open spaces, now chiefly remains cooped up in an isolated brood-box

ADULT MALE: General colour above pinky-fulvous, crested with dainty tufts of snowy-fulvous feathers; beak slightly curved and portly in appearance; neck feathers scraggy and stiff; body feathers sombre; shanks spindly, often indeterminate as to direction of movement; feet leathery. The bird has a weird little habit of placing the latter where the more ethereal members of the genus would fear to tread.

HABITS: For a great number of years the Tufted Privy Pipit spent much of its time dabbling, somewhat irresolutely to be sure, in and about our greater colonial areas: however, as these latter domains became more and more inaccessible to the bird—owing to the indigenous mammals of those places denying it feeding rights—the Privy Pipit returned to the more salubrious precincts of Westminster, where it proceeded to seal itself up within the privacy of its own little nest.

The bird is a great lover of the valuable and glutinous bric-a-brac to be found at Westminster, and, once in possession of those commodities, will only put their use to the general good after much laborious persuasion from the more sanguine members of the sub-order. The Privy Pipit has a strangely wavering little flight and a most entertaining chirrup, a kind of "Sticorbust-Sticorbust." The bird is most amusing to watch. When extremely agitated, it will hop up and down on its perch, flapping its wing coverts, most pathetically: when real danger threatens it very quickly seeks sanctuary beneath the broader wing coverts of the larger members of its genus.

HABITATS: The Privy Pipit has been a perennial nester at Westminster for a great number of years: it is, however, only recently that it has found nesting space in the more stately edifices that are to be found in that area. In spite of most energetic attempts the bird was never able to settle, amicably, in foreign parts.



The Tufted Privy Pipit—or National Billsticker

(From a national point of view—Wotelscudidu)

Scoreboard

THE bus rolled back from Wembley; cheered and yelled at by every child in the motley streets; for they seemed to fancy we were the Manchester United team, impenetrably disguised and with the Cup in the boot. On the top sat a Blackpool supporter. His body was held in place by two favours, one each on chest and back. They were about the size of a prize-winning broccoli, tangerine of hue. On his head he wore a home-made straw helmet, festooned with junior broccoli.

Around him, discussion raged about the match. Would Stan Mortensen have done better at inside-right than centre-forward? Whose fault was t' United's first goal? Was goalkeeper Robinson too slow? Or centre-half Hayward

too careless? He of the broccoli smiled affably; nay, he beamed, like a lighthouse. At length, someone turned to him for an opinion. "Never mind ruddy match," he said; "that's lost and all; but it's been a grand day; Ah've been in good company, and Ah've spent nowt." We came to the terminus. "Paddington Green?" he said; "never heard of it. But it'll lead to somewhere, Ah suppose."

It led me back to a music-hall, oh, many years ago. A little man with a ginger wig sang a song about a tombstone to be seen in Paddington Green, and the words on it were these; in

memory of a cheese, that fought for Russia and Japan, and died like a soldier and a man. So, good-bye, Mr. Broccoli; meet you another year, I ween, at Paddington Green; better luck, next time.

THE other day, I asked an Australian why his compatriots excelled at the game of billiards. "That's easy," he answered; "you see, back home in the long winter, when there's nothing else to do, and that's pretty nearly all the time, we drop in to the billiard saloons and stay there till they close."

Talking of which, what news of Walter Lindrum? How pleasant it was to drop asleep in Thurston's or the Farringdon Hall and wake up to find him still tiddling the cannons round and round the table. The worst of snooker is that it has no opiate value. It's a rough and noisy game, worse than blind-man's-buff or Corinthian bagatelle.

THIS mid-week the Australian cricketers go to Cambridge. Fourteen years ago Don Bradman scored 0 against the University. How many times has he "notched the unenviable cypher"? Statisticians, scuttle to your data. He was bowled by Jack Davies, who intended an off-break and sent down one that did nothing

at all except hit the off-stump with a lethal clank. He had already dismissed the great Woodfull for only 21. These failures cast a heavy burden on Bill Ponsford, who obliged with 229 not out. W. A. Brown and L. S. Darling supported the maestro with 105 and 98, respectively.

Please remember Ponsford. In point of skill, there was scarcely a cat's whisker between him and the Don; and, in the Tests that summer, Ponsford beat the Don in the averages by '08; 94'83 to 94'75. And, if you wonder how I remember all these things, I reply that, like all true lovers of cricket and beauty, I never forget a figure or remember a face.

THERE is an agreeable story of an Oriental Potentate who decided to play golf. So he had a golf-course constructed; also, six sets of clubs. The wooden clubs were of cedar, imported from the Lebanon. The others had heads of pure gold. On the appointed day he stood on the first tee with his Grand Vizier, handicap 72. The O.P., whose honour, of course, it was, caught the head of his driver in his turban, was swung round six times, and landed in an ornamental lake. So he decided to punish the course. He had the fairways ploughed up, the greens thrashed with lathis for a week, and burnt the clubhouse to the ground. In its place he built a School of Economics. Moral: Never wear a turban if you have the old St. Andrews *RC. Robertson Glasgow* swing.



Elizabeth Bowen's

Book Reviews

"Winged Dagger"

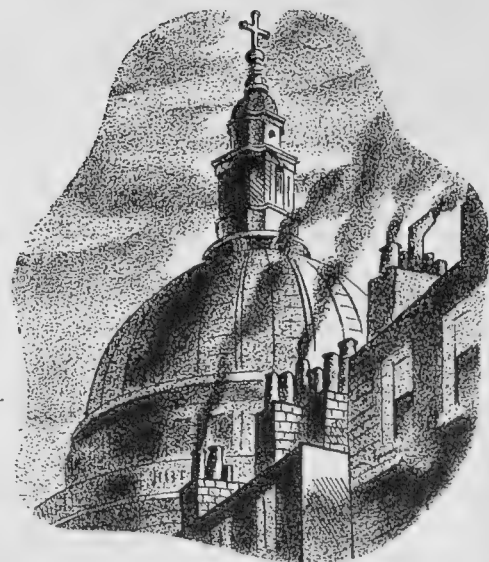
"Still Glides the Stream"

"The Widow's House"

"Bog Blossom Stories"



Hurdy-Gurdy Man. A tailpiece to "Lavengro"



Dome of St. Paul's. Another "Lavengro" illustration

Barnett Freedman is the subject of one of the latest volumes in the series "English Masters of Black-and-White," published by Art and Technics at 2s. 6d. Jonathan Mayne tells the story of this fine illustrator and war artist, who achieved success after years of illness and difficulties, and nearly a hundred examples of his work are given, of which those reproduced here are typical

"WINGED DAGGER," by Roy Farran (Collins; 10s. 6d.), is subtitled "Adventures on Special Service." It is as dynamic a true story as we are likely to get this or any year. As a storyteller, this author has the Cheyney touch—a flair amounting to genius for pin-pointing incidents, introducing characters dramatically, and conveying impressions of speed, of pressure and of confusion only just not out of control. Such art must be natural—there is so much to say, so much is said, that there cannot have been time for stylistic trifling or calculation as to effect.

Creditably, the only character Roy Farran does not dramatise is his own, which has a volition which more than speaks: this is violently *unselfconscious* autobiography, covering numerically few but phantasmagorically close-packed years. A born man of action sets down the sensation of action in black-and-white.

The book was written while the author was in prison awaiting trial for murder. The case has recently been revived in the public mind by the tragic incident at his home near Wolverhampton. As the culmination of a war career which had gained him the D.S.O., the M.C. and two bars, the French Croix de Guerre and the American Legion of Merit, the author was sent to the Middle East to place his knowledge of underground warfare at the disposal of the Palestine Police. He was to find himself in the dock charged with the murder of a terrorist. After his arrest he escaped twice, but decided that he would prefer to return to lace trial. He was acquitted.

OUT of its very force as a heroic record, plus its perplexing end, *Winged Dagger* is a case-history. But, strictly, I doubt whether it is Roy Farran so much as the ambiguity of these still rather post-war years which is the "case." He is of the temperament and the generation which, at the moment, embarrasses the civilisation it has saved. Such natures realised themselves in, but also to an extent were formed by, the humanly-speaking preposterous and outsize demands of a world war which blazed out when they were in their late 'teens or early twenties: unprecedented achievements were demanded of them, and the demand was met. For these men, what now, what next? Survival was rare, it was not expected, and in itself it constitutes a predicament.

The author, born in India of Irish parents, came to England at the age of eighteen to enter Sandhurst: he had been there three months when the war began. He received a commission in the 3rd Hussars; he (to quote the wrapper's competent summary) "fought through the

Western Desert, was captured during the last desperate action in Crete, was removed to Athens a prisoner gravely wounded, and escaped in a small fishing-vessel to Alexandria through the German-held islands. Further fighting in Rommel's advance of 1942 brought him back to England again wounded, but soon he was back in Africa once more, volunteering for the Special Air Service as a paratrooper. In that capacity he fought with his small band far behind the lines in France and Italy, and created one of the great legends of the war in the Belfort Gap, when he and his men were penned up in a forest among the retreating Germans with the American Seventh Army's shells searching out their position. In the spring of 1945 he was sent to Italy to organise the dropping of parties of S.A.S. by parachute to work with the Partisans. Although expressly forbidden to take a personal part in the operations, he fell out of one of the 'planes' by accident, making sure, of course, that he had a parachute. His subsequent activities at the head of a mixed force of Russians and Italians, with a stiffening of British Commandos, included a full-scale attack on a German Corps Headquarters and several daring actions against the German main lines of communication; his force,

indeed, came near to turning the final German retreat from Italy into a rout."

So far—as can be checked by the non-stop full-blooded pages of the *Winged Dagger* chronicle—so good. Then, though, the return to England just in time for London's great all-in VE-Day party. "What a party it was!" However—

As always, the next day brought a severe reaction. It was not only a hangover. I felt as though the clock had stopped ticking. My life had been keyed up to war, to an objective which had now been achieved, and I seemed to be out of step with all these happy civilians. Was I really pleased that the war was over? Admittedly there was Japan and David Stirling's great schemes for the biggest guerilla operation of all against the railway lines running through China from Manchuria. I was to command a battalion in that vast adventure, but the end was already in sight. Never before had I thought of the end. No more Peter Jacksons, Dayrel Morris's and Jim Mackies, never more to be a king pin, no more adventure, but only the dull monotony of an army selling its soul—inspecting socks, saying yes when I really meant no, and crawling to every bumble-footed staff officer who had made a good thing of the war. No, I was not happy that the war was over. I had always expected to be killed in battle; I had geared up my life to the sudden arrival of death; and now I was left stranded, spared by some odd trick of fate.

The Chinese adventure, even, was not to be. "The business was nearly clinched when the Americans dropped an atomic bomb on Nagasaki. It was as if someone had blown out the last candle."

Winged Dagger, inside its introductory and final chapters in 1947 Palestine, divides itself into four books—"The Middle East, 1940-1943"; "The Special Air Service" (under which heading come North Africa and Sicily 1943, Jeep Operations in Italy 1943, Battle of Termoli, France 1944, Greece 1944); "Operation in Italy, 1945" and "Post-war, 1945-47." There is maintained, from start to finish, a pretty even record for interest—nay, fascination. The second and third sections, as covering least-known ground, are likely to make most impression on the reader. On the subject of special service units in modern warfare, the author gives an explanatory opening passage:

The object of almost all military tactics is to threaten the security of the enemy's lines of communication, those vital life-lines without which an army cannot exist. Attacks on lines of communication may be divided into two categories; the flanking movements made by large formations in the main battle area and the long-range harassing attacks made by small raiding parties, possibly independent of the main theatre of operations.

RECORD OF THE WEEK

PEOPLE to-day expect (and have the right to demand) more from a gramophone record than just a name. Far too many singers are being given space on gramophone records who fall down from the first groove because they are not able to get across. Now, I recently listened to a record by Miss Greta Gynt, and in my view there can be no excuse for this sort of thing being put before any kind of public; not even the assistance given by Paul Adam and his Orchestra, who do almost everything but turn somersaults, can rectify this mistake.

At the same time, however, there are compensations; these come from glamorous cabaret singer Evelyn Knight. With an orchestra exceedingly well balanced and handled by Bob Haggart, Miss Knight puts all her charm and personality into the singing of *The Toor-ie on his Bonnet* and a gem of a number, *Saloon*. There is intelligence behind this recording. (Brunswick 03846)

Robert Tredinnick.

These latter long-range attacks were, until recently, the prerogative of cavalry patrols, living off the country.

In the last great war, all theatres found a need for units which could specialise in this form of warfare. The Chindits were raised for this purpose in Burma, the Special Air Service operated in Africa and Western Europe, the Special Boat Service carried out raids in the islands of the Ægean, and the Long-Range Desert Group was an important reconnaissance unit in the Western Desert, to say nothing of various small forces such as Popski's Private Army.

The first of these units to be raised was the 1st Special Air Service Regiment, commanded by Lt.-Col. David Stirling, of the Scots Guards. . . .

THE France 1944 chapters (behind the German lines) are tense. "Perhaps," remarks the author, "the worst thing about life behind the lines was the awful feeling of nervousness when hiding in forests. I think I felt it more in the Forest of Darney than anywhere. Perhaps it was the strain of the last five years beginning to tell on me after all this time. I think it was more the tallness of the trees and the fact that we never saw the sun from one day to another. Every time the trees rustled or we heard the wild pig running at night, I thought that the Germans were creeping up on us. . . ." To the early-1945 Italy section, itself, as to action, momentous enough, there is added, as to the human element (organisation of the different partisan groups), everything of the most mercurial and bizarre. The comic opera touch?—but no less effective for that. . . . I don't think any of us can afford to ignore a book such as *Winged Dagger*: such things happened, and such happenings have contributed something special to the atmosphere of our time.

"STILL GLIDES THE STREAM" (Oxford University Press; 10s. 6d.) is a book of peace—I must say, a delicious contrast. This chronicle of an Oxfordshire village in the 1880's is by Flora Thompson—who has already set up a literary-rural landmark with her *Lark Rise to Candleford*, an autobiography recognised as a minor classic. *Still Glides the Stream* is in the third person, being told as the continuous memories of an elderly woman, returning to spend a solitary holiday at Restharrow, last seen in her girlhood.

Miss Finch, once a serious little girl called Charity, has nothing to regret: she has lived her life elsewhere, but she has lived it well. We have, therefore, no indulgences in nostalgia, but, rather, an evocation of living scenes in a sweet, clear, true light. Nothing is sicklied o'er or idealised—indeed, there is something pungent about Miss Finch's memories.

BOWEN ON BOOKS

The men, women and children she remembers have not become angels through being dead and gone: we see their little vanities, rivalries, angers printed on the hedgerows beside which they used to walk. Cousin Bess, for instance, setting out blackberrying in that guilefully pretty pink dress and be-rosed hat—do we not suspect, as the youthful Charity did, that something is in the wind? Hasty judgments and cases of rough justice are many. Good nature, good sense, it is true, triumph—but not always at once.

Inevitably, given Miss Thompson's writing and feeling for life, *Still Glides the Stream* is



'Good day,' said I, 'pretty damsel, sitting in the farm porch.'

Freedman's illustrations of Borrow's classic, of which this is another example, were executed in 1935 for the Limited Editions Club of New York

sound and beautiful. Oxfordshire landscape at every season, weather in every mood, and village people rendered with Hardy-esque sense of character combine to inhabit the reader's heart. This is no fabrication; it is experience. The christening in the snowstorm, the evenings with the cousins at Waterside Farm, the flower show, Arnold's and Bess's courtship, the return of the

soldier cousin, Uncle Reuben's death—we go, in reading, through the whole human cycle. There is the uneasiness caused by the poison-pen letters, the dire excitement of the fire at the farm. Lovely, neurotic Stella haunts one; the parson, the vet, the lady of the manor are memorably drawn. We are left, at the end, musing, like Charity Finch by the stream, with the scent of meadowsweet and watermint in our nostrils.

"THE WIDOW'S HOUSE," by Betty de Scherbnin (Sampson Low; 8s. 6d.), is one of those too-unusual novels which interest one from the very first page. The scene is Buenos Aires; the subject, the terrifyingly woman-ruled, claustrophobic atmosphere, of middle-class Argentine family life. Outdoors, man may swagger in the streets; indoors, he is gradually got down, subjugated by a regime of mothers, mothers-in-law, aunts, trusted female servants. The family mansion has, from the masculine point of view, tomb-like portals.

At the beginning of the story, Carlos Barros has just died: ink-black mourning, close-shuttered windows, religious murmurings and legal confabulations are everywhere. None the less, his daughter María Gloria, succeeds, with her maid's and her mother's aid, in securing a fiancé—the European-minded and up to now independent Héctor Romero. Clara, María's cousin, marvelling, watches the tragi-comedy Señora Barros, the newly-made widow, moves like a large black female spider from room to room—the fly is into the web, Héctor's doom is sealed. . . . Clara refuses to let her love-story follow the same, humiliating course: she is to bolt for freedom—and none too early. . . . This is the first novel of Miss de Scherbnin's to be published in England—America has had others from her pen. *The Widow's House* is acute, enjoyable and unusual: she wrote it, I learn with amazement, when she was twenty-four.

"BOG BLOSSOM STORIES" (Sidgwick and Jackson; 8s. 6d.) is another collection of Irish Jim Phelan tales—full of brio, salted with harsh but infectious mirth. Some are grim enough—example, "Bell Wethers," with its rash gombeen-man and stampeding mountain sheep—some, such as the love-rivalry story "Consummation," end with a diabolical absurdity.

"Plain Sailing," with the drunk on the turf-stacked barge, has a happy turn at the close that one can but like; so has "The Morality People." In the main, the angle is anti-social, which is not always as unsympathetic as it should be. And there often is an endearing touch of O. Henry about Mr. Phelan's story-telling technique.

Winifred Lewis

on Fashions

ASCOT collections have been cropping up like daisies in the past week. Dress salons have bloomed with colour in the appropriate sunshine which has lent its own authenticity to the scene.

Mark Luker's distinguished collection at Jays produced Ascot and garden-party clothes for the young as well as the not-so-young, with emphasis upon simplicity of line and subtle colour effects. Dress-maker suits in silk were a notable feature here with colour and richness of material providing the essential glamour, yet with a basic simplicity which renders these garments adaptable for all formal town occasions. Suits, or dress and jacket suits, are made of colourful silk prints. In some instances a print dress is teamed with a plain coat lined with the matching print. This designer's



flair for colour is exemplified in an Ascot suit of deep purple satin with a straight-hanging but thickly-pleated skirt. Yet another outstanding ensemble is a two-piece dress and coat. The white jersey dress, cleverly draped, is combined with tea-brown taffeta which is also used for the long coat, moulded above the waistline and flaring into an ample skirt.

Models for the older woman with special emphasis upon styling for the more ample silhouette were shown at Roecliff and Chapman's recent Ascot collection. The problems of the not-so-slender were here sympathetically catered for in styling which follows the trend of current fashions but with a degree of understatement which by-passes many of the obvious difficulties of the older figure.

Skirts hovered between 12 and 14 ins. from the ground, many with straight-hanging pleats which give the required fullness demanded by fashion without the undulations embarrassing to the more heavily-built. Shoulder lines reached a compromise between the squareness of past seasons and the

exaggerated droop of the present one, and three-quarter sleeves give an added grace to plump arms.

Interest was, in fact, centred upon colour and fabric rather than upon exaggerated lines. Proof, if any is needed, that older women can wear the brighter flower prints, was provided by a number of successful models. In each case the design was small. Loose jackets of finger-tip length in self or contrasting material were used to accompany print afternoon dresses and in other cases with the full-skirted evening dresses sun-ray pleated to give a straight-up-and-down appearance. Again, tuxedo-front jackets had the front edges faced with a contrasting colour—a most effective expedient this in giving an impression of length and added height when it is needed.



THEY WERE MARRIED

The "Tatler's" Review



Cleverly—Rawlinson

Mr. C. P. Cleverly, elder son of Mr. Cleverly, and Mrs. O. S. Cleverly, married Miss Elizabeth Rawlinson, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Rawlinson



Simond—Hastings

Lt. J. F. H. Simond, R.N.R. (ret.), married Miss Joan R. Hastings, younger daughter of Mr. J. R. Hastings, J.P., Deputy Lieutenant of Londonderry



Mallett—Alston

Mr. Peter Mallett married Miss Patricia Alston, daughter of Lt.-Col. Cedric Alston, O.B.E., at Holy Trinity, Brompton. A reception was held at Londonderry House after the ceremony



Charteris—Forbes Adam

Mr. Hugo Francis Charteris, M.C., only son of the Hon. Guy Charteris and of the late Mrs. Charteris, married Miss Virginia Mary Forbes Adam, daughter of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Colin Forbes Adam, of Skipwith Hall, Selby, Yorkshire, at St. Helen's Church, Skipwith



Luard—Hutton Moss

Mr. John Bramston Luard, D.F.C., elder son of Col. and Mrs. T. B. Luard, of Cambridge, married Miss M. Lavinia Hutton Moss, younger daughter of the late Col. B. W. Hutton Moss, and Mrs. Hutton Moss, at Parish Church, Pevensey



Burt—Winther

Mr. Gregory Conway Burt, eldest son of Mr. E. T. Burt, M.B.E., and Mrs. Burt, of Pellingford, Scaynes Hill, Sussex, married Miss Nelly Winther, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Einar Winther, of Virginia Water, Surrey



Edwards—Mansell

Cdr. Cyril Edwards, Royal Navy, formerly Maintenance Officer at Portland Naval Base, and now at Portsmouth, married Mrs. Francesca Mansell, of Bellamy Cottage, Sutton Poyntz, Weymouth, at Weymouth



Corbett-Winder—Kelly

Mr. Edmund Frederick Corbett-Winder, son of the Rev. and Mrs. E. H. Corbett-Winder, married Miss Patricia Ellen Hillyard Kelly, daughter of the Rev. E. M. Kelly, Rector of Oakford, Tiverton, Devon, and Mrs. Kelly, at Exeter Cathedral



Benson Accuracy

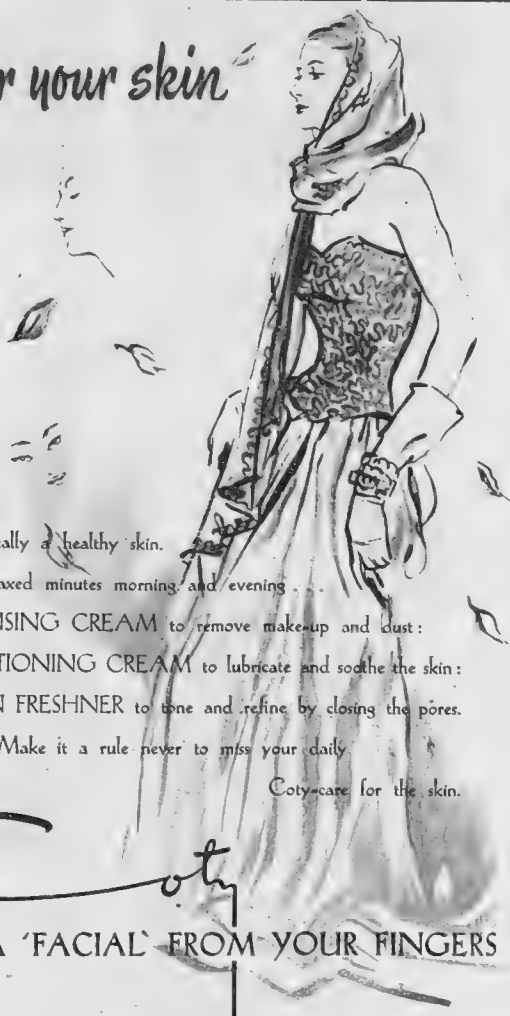
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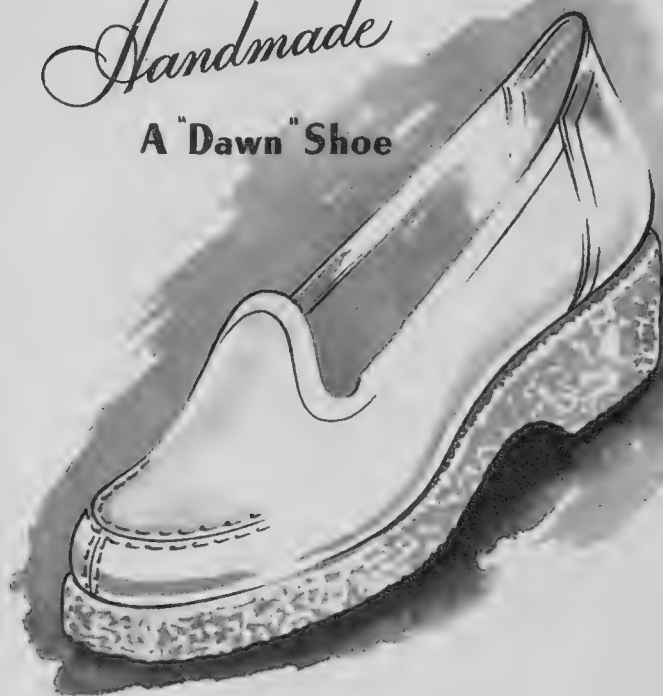


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The "Tatler's" Register of ENGAGEMENTS



Tunbridge

Miss Heather Netia Gourlay, eldest daughter of Lt.-Col. C. W. Gourlay, M.C., T.D., of Seymour Street, Portman Square, W.1, and of the late Mrs. Gourlay, who is to marry Mr. James Richard Moore Tulloch, of St. James's Street, S.W.1, only son of the late Mr. J. Tulloch, and of the late Mrs. E. Barningham



Anthony Buckley

Miss Katherine Eleanor O'Brien, 2nd/O. W.R.N.S., of Cumberland Mansions, W.1, younger daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. J. M. O'Brien, who is to marry Mr. Vivian Whitewright Warren Pearl, second son of Col. and Mrs. F. Warren Pearl, of Lowndes Square, London, W.1, and New York



Hay Wrightson

Miss Brigid Anita McBean, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Douglas McBean, of Lakers Lodge, Loxwood, Surrey, who is to marry Capt. Nigel Damer Martin, Grenadier Guards, eldest son of the late Capt. W. F. Martin and of Lady Christian Martin



Bertram Park

Mrs. Diana Mary Christian Smyly, only daughter of the late Mr. H. C. G. Mills, and of Mrs. Mills, of Charles Street, Berkeley Square, W.1, who is to marry Earl St. Aldwyn, of Williamstrip Park, Coln St. Aldwyn's, Fairford, Gloucestershire



Paul Studios

Miss Audrée Mary Ashman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. G. E. Ashman, of Eastbourne, who is to marry Mr. David Gray Healey, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. F. Gray Healey, of Eastbourne, in July at St. Mary's, Eastbourne



Arup

Miss Joan Richmond, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Richmond, of Westminster Gardens, London, S.W.1, who is engaged to Mr. Michael Watts, son of Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Watts, of The Gate House, Sandwich, Kent



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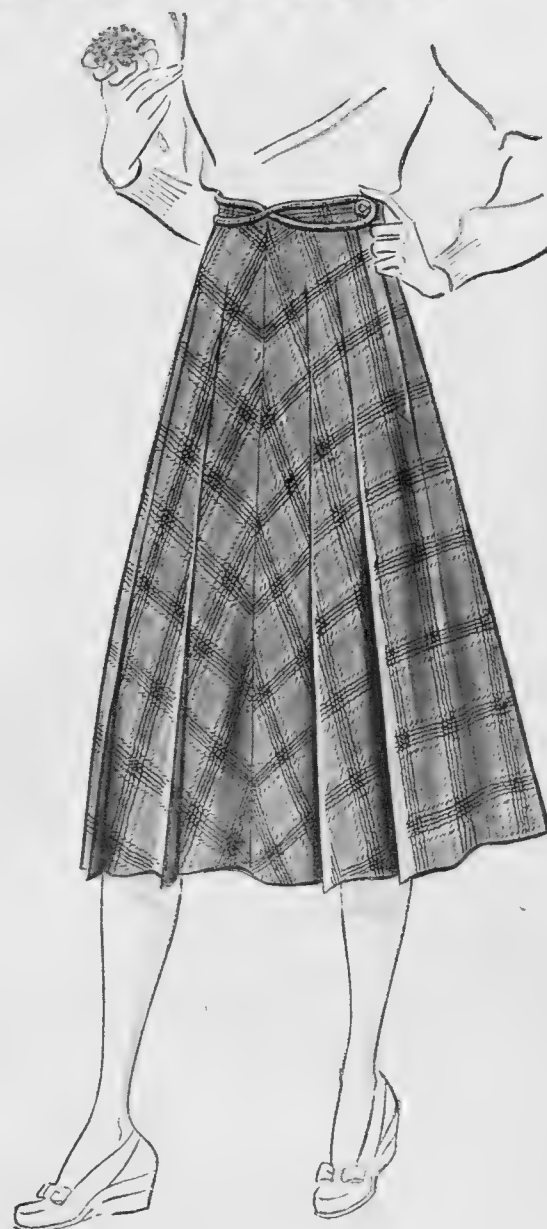
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Olin Skurray on FLYING

THERE are two schools of thought about the safety of air passengers: the passive and the active. The passive school believes that the air passenger should never be expected to do anything to save himself in an emergency; that all measures should be taken by the crew. The active school believes that the passenger can be expected to bear a part in saving himself and that he should be provided with equipment to help him to do so and be briefed in its use.

Until recently the passive school has been in the ascendant. The theory has been that by telling passengers what they must do in an emergency, you merely frighten them. Passengers, according to this conception, must not be expected to put on lifebelts, find emergency exits or use parachutes. In an accident they must be herded by the aircrew.

"Boat Drill"

LATELY, however, the active school has been making headway and I hear that rules are being studied by the Ministry of Civil Aviation for a sort of aerial equivalent of the liner's boat drill. Air passengers will have to practise moving to the emergency doors, putting on their life belts, doing up and undoing their safety straps and soon.

I am undecided whether such drill would be of value or not. But I am convinced that it would be ridiculous to introduce it unless air liners were supplied with parachutes for all on board.

If it were possible to accommodate the occupants of an aircraft in the aircraft's fin and rudder, there would be no need for parachutes or

for emergency exits or other safety paraphernalia, because the fin and rudder are hardly ever damaged in a crash. I have seen many air crashes and inspected many wrecked aeroplanes; but I have never seen the fin and rudder badly damaged.

Emergency Exit

As one cannot put passengers in the fin and rudder, the alternative is to give them a quick and easy way out in an emergency and the knowledge of how to use it. But as a hurried exit may be desirable either in the air or on the ground, parachutes must be fitted. The chair-type parachute does not spoil the look of the furnishing and its use is simple.

I hope this matter will be considered by the Ministry of Civil Aviation before any big, new-type airliners take up a full load of passengers. Pressurized aircraft tend to be even more difficult to get out of in an emergency than others; yet emergency doors could be provided if they had to be. The Ministry has now shown by its own actions that it took panic measures about the Tudor aircraft. It will indeed be in a bad position if it fails to take sensible and simple safety measures for other British machines. So if there is going to be aerial "boat drill" let us have proper emergency exits and parachutes for passengers.

EXPORT

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U.S. Air-line Economics

THE contortions to which Governmental apologists subject themselves in order to prove that American private enterprise aviation is, in all respects, inferior to British State-controlled aviation, are sometimes excruciating.

First it was subsidies. "Of course



The Aspian Society (former members of 91 Air Stores Park, Bengal, Malaya and Japan) held their second annual dinner recently. Above are: G/Capt. J. M. Cohu, C.B.E., formerly A.O.A., B.C. Air Japan and now Commander, R.A.F. Station, Brize Norton, F/Lt. J. R. Stanforth, F/Lt. C. F. Pye, and S/Ldr. D. A. de S. Young-James, who is President of the Aspian Society

you know," the apologists would say, "that the American companies are heavily subsidized." As a matter of fact the American air-line companies are not subsidized. There are mail contracts in which certain rates, agreed as a matter of business between the companies and the American postal authorities, are paid; but it is misrepresentation to call them subsidies.

Then it was capital charges. "Of course you know," they would remark, "that American air liners manage to keep going simply through the heavy losses of the suppliers of aircraft." This is a rather more subtle misrepresentation. It suggests that if an air-line company, through luck or skill in negotiation, obtains its aircraft cheaply, then no merit attaches to it if it makes its lines pay.

The very fact that such ludicrous excuses should be offered for the superiority of American civil aviation over British is an indication of the press to which State control and subsidies have brought us.

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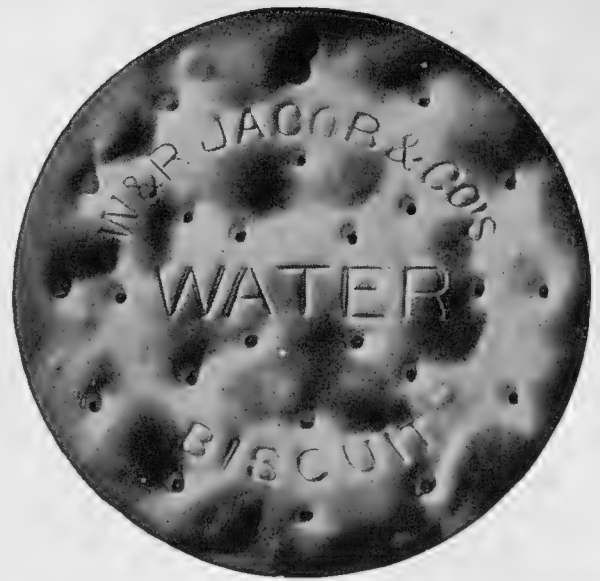
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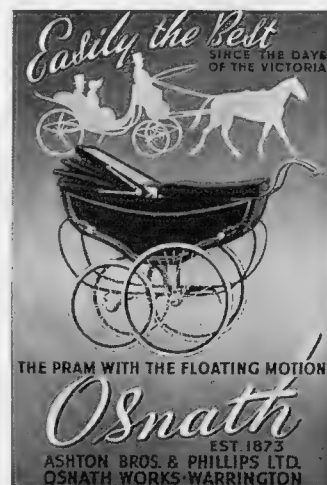
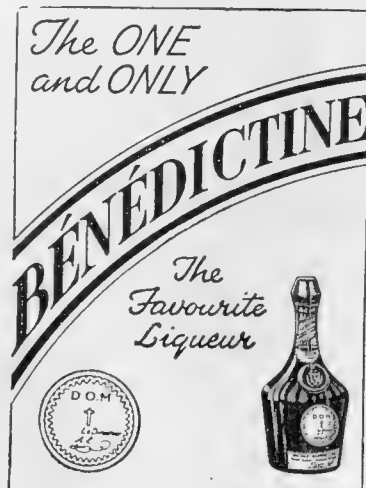


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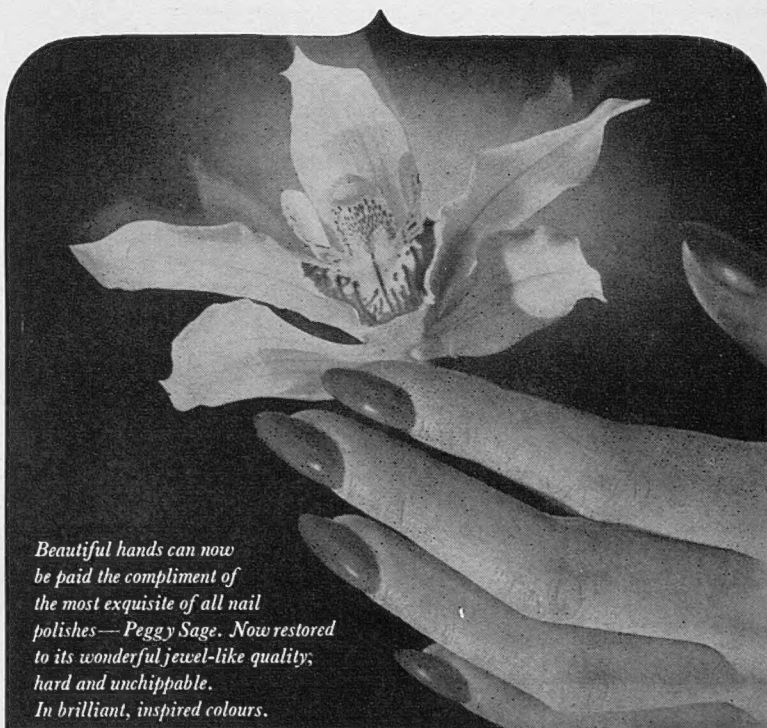
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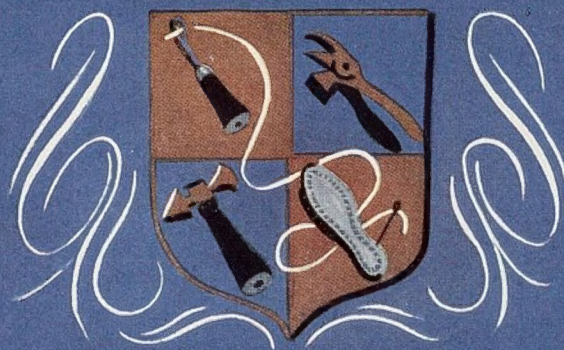
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